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From The Editor

As if we don't have enough to worry about, there's something of a controversy in the Pacific Northwest over whether the Appaloosa was a war horse developed by the Nez Perce Indians.

For as long as I can remember, the story has been that the Nez Perce developed the Appaloosa breed and it got its name from the Palouse region of Washington state, where many Nez Perce lived.

Now comes an editor of the Wenatchee World who says the evidence indicates the Nez Perce role in development of the Appaloosa is all myth. He quotes several authorities as saying the breed was developed in the 1930s and a Dr. Francis Haines is responsible for the Nez Perce myth.

Well-known historian Alvin Josephy Jr. said he was unable to find any Nez Perce who had heard of the tradition of breeding spotted (Appaloosa) animals. The Wenatchee World editor says the legend is kept alive by Appaloosa breeders to increase the value of the horse.

Whether they developed the Appaloosa, there is no doubt the Nez Perce were extraordinary horsemen. Lewis and Clark, the first white men to visit the Nez Perce, noted their large horse herds. The horse flourished on the western slope of the Rockies. Some may have had spots but it now appears most did not.

TRUE WEST story wins first place. The story "Best Little Whorehouse in Wyoming," by Willah Weddon and Marion M. Huseas, which appeared in July 1983 TRUE WEST, won first place in the Michigan Press Women's contest and is entered in the National Federation of Press Women competition. Congratulations to Willah and Marion!

A Rare Treat. How often do members of an Old West outlaw's family talk for the record? The late Lula Parker Bentenson wrote a book about her brother, Butch Cassidy, and Frank James himself took people on a guided tour (for 25 cents) of the James family home in Missouri. But it is not often members of the family will talk because most of them want to cover up that part of the past.

Thus, it is a rare treat to get an inside view of the family of an outlaw as important as the Sundance Kid. William Longabaugh of Pennsylvania, the great-nephew of Harry Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid, tells us what it is like to be a Longabaugh and what Harry's career did to the family.

Some members of the Longabaugh family even today refuse to discuss the family's most famous member. So it is with great appreciation that we get the story from Bill.

"We Never Sleep." That was the motto of the Pinkerton Detective Agency for several decades as the Pinkertons fought to bring law and order to the West and other parts of a young country.

It is difficult to come to a conclusion about the Pinkertons. Certainly they fought crime and in some cases very successfully. And just the knowledge that they were around probably prevented a lot of crime.

But what is difficult to say is just how successful they were. This is especially true for us Wild Bunch researchers because we see the Pinkertons from the vantage point of several prominent outlaws, namely Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, Kid Curry and others. In most cases, the Pinkertons never got their man and they tried awfully hard.

Larry Underwood provides a good biography of Allan Pinkerton, the toughminded Scotsman who founded the agency and became a legend in American law enforcement.

More Than its Share. It seems like Great Falls, Montana, has had more than its share of great western artists. Of course, Great Falls had the grandaddy of them all, old C. M. Russell himself. But Great Falls was also home to Olaf Seltzer and Earl Heikka, who is the subject of a story in this issue.

The story is by Kathy McGehee Willis, an old carousing buddy of mine from college days. In those days Kathy and I were more interested in seeing how many saloons we could conquer, neither of us thinking anything about history or art.

I lost track of Kathy over the years and then about a year or so ago it came as a great surprise to learn that Kathy, living in Kalispell, the unofficial "art capital" of Montana, was something of a noted art writer. She had edited a prestigous regional art magazine and she knows her artists like punchers know horses.

Betrayal in Canada. One of the magnificent areas of the North American continent is the Cariboo and Williams Lake in British Columbia. North of Williams Lake is a restored ghost town, Barkerville, which I have visited but while there I never heard of the story of William Rennie.

However, it is quite a story and Richard T. Wright shares it with us in this issue. It seems Rennie and a brother left a third brother and two friends in the wilds of British Columbia in the midst of winter to seek help. It took them so long to reach civilization they figured their companions were dead. But the companions were not dead. Read Wright's story for the conclusion.

Other good stories. Raymond Walters, who teaches at the College of Great Falls in Montana, has come up with a good story on a man who was arrested because officers thought he was Jesse James. The resemblance was so striking he became known as Jesse James' double.

Cynthia Scanlon of Tuscon, Arizona, gives us a peek inside those rousing, rollicking frontier saloons and Roscoe LeGresley takes us on a trip to historic Pierce, site of the discovery of gold in Idaho. Geraldine Duncann returns with sumptuous fare in her story on Native American cooking in the Southwest.

There are other good stories so hope you enjoy them and that you will come back here next month for another talk.

— Jim Dullenty

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TRUE WEST

JULY, 1984 Vol. 31, No. 7, Whole No. 202

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OUR COVER

This photo of buffalo was taken along the Firehole River in Yellowstone National Park by photographers Mack and Betty Kelley, who operate Nature's Gifts Unlimited in Ashland City, Tennessee. The Kelleys say the buffalo are quite wild and in July of 1983 several persons were gored when they approached too closely; one man died.

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Hosstail's Small Talk

Ever since I sold my first story at the age of 14 years I have tried to be sure that I had something to say before I wrote anything down on paper.

I lived way out in the country in those days, and across "the big field" lived one of the finest families I have ever known. The head of that family, Charlie Kornegay, could not believe that I was getting money for simply writing words down on paper. I'll never forget the cold winter day that I took a letter from an editor, along with check, down to Mr. Kornegay's house. We sat and chatted by the cheerful fire for awhile and then I could wait no longer.

"I have something I want to show you," I said to Mr. Kornegay. He turned to me with mild interest. I handed him the letter, which was addressed to me and asked him to open it and look over the contents. He read the letter first, which was short and to the point relative to the fact that check for such and such amount was enclosed for my story and that he would be glad to see further work from me.

Then Mr. Kornegay picked up the check and read every word of it, starting at the very top, including the date, name fo bank—every single word. When he finished, Mr. Kornegay looked over at me with an expression of part unbelief along with a certain amount of belief over the evidence he held in his hands.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said.

In those days and in that part of the country people really worked for every dollar they made. It was inconceivable to most of them that you could write words down on paper and some blamed fool would pay you for them. You wrote letters to kinfolks all over the country, but nobody ever paid for those words.

This was the first time he had actually shown any interest in what I wrote. He expressed a desire to read this particular story and I assured him that he would get a copy of the magazine when it came out.

Every time I sit down to dictate something to you folks I get to wondering if I have the right words to put down on paper for you. I have known best-selling authors who flat ran out of words and were terrified. I know most of you think that Ol' Hosstail will never reach that stage the way he runs on and on in his so-called editorials. I try to write like I was sitting near you and having a friendly chat.

Even so, simple words don't come so easy at times. However, I *do* have something to say: So I'll just talk it out to you like we were sitting by a fire, throwing in chunks of wood now and then and watching the sparks and smoke go up the chimney.

Bob Evans and his assistant, Steve Gragert, came by the other day. Bob bought **True West** and **Old West** from Chet Krause and has moved them to Perkins, Oklahoma, a town within slingshot distance of the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

The most obvious fact is that they are back in the West again and another fact is that they will be published by a real nice person who is already in the publishing business but looks forward with considerable excitement over the possibilities of carrying TRUE WEST and OLD WEST to new heights.

If you get to wondering why the magazines are moving around a bit, I'll try and explain now. As you know, my health was deteriorating over a period of years and Liz finally convinced me that I had to take it easier, but I was determined to hold out until I found someone who would look upon the welfare of the magazines as I have.

Chet has done a good job, but in a telephone conversation with me he said that the Old West was out of his field and he didn't feel comfortable with it, but he would look around until he found a nice person with a real interest in the Old West.

From my nearly half a day talk with Bob, I feel that the magazines are in good hands. Bob is *nearly* as country as I am and, as you know, that is saying a whole lot! He does not plan any changes since in his estimation if the magazines have pleased you folks all these years something approaching the correct recipe must have been used.

Naturally, you'll have to put up with my ramblings ever now and then since I have got to keep you up on what is happening and why. From your letters, I gain that throughout the years you have found that I have shot straightforward with you folks and nobody has ever caught me in a misstatement (better known as a lie!) and I guess the old saying is right—I am too old to start now.

Bob will make a good publisher of TRUE WEST and OLD WEST—and he plans to continue reprinting *Hunter Frontier Times*. Feel free to write him if you have any ideas. Or, perhaps there is something you don't like—or do like and want more of it. He is anxious to work with you readers, so keep in touch and I think you will be well pleased.

I've run out of words and this is the natural time to stop. Bob will be telling you more about plans, what's going on and about true westernism in general.

By the way, if we are to have a memorial stone for Hood River Blackie, we need more donations. If only some of you would send in $1 or $2 checks, I believe we could make it. The memorial would be in Yuba City, California, next to where Tex Medders is buried. Checks should be sent to Sylvia Stearns, 5009 Western Avenue, Omaha, NE 68132.

So long for now

—Hosstail

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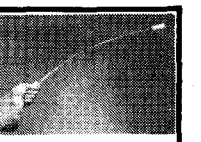

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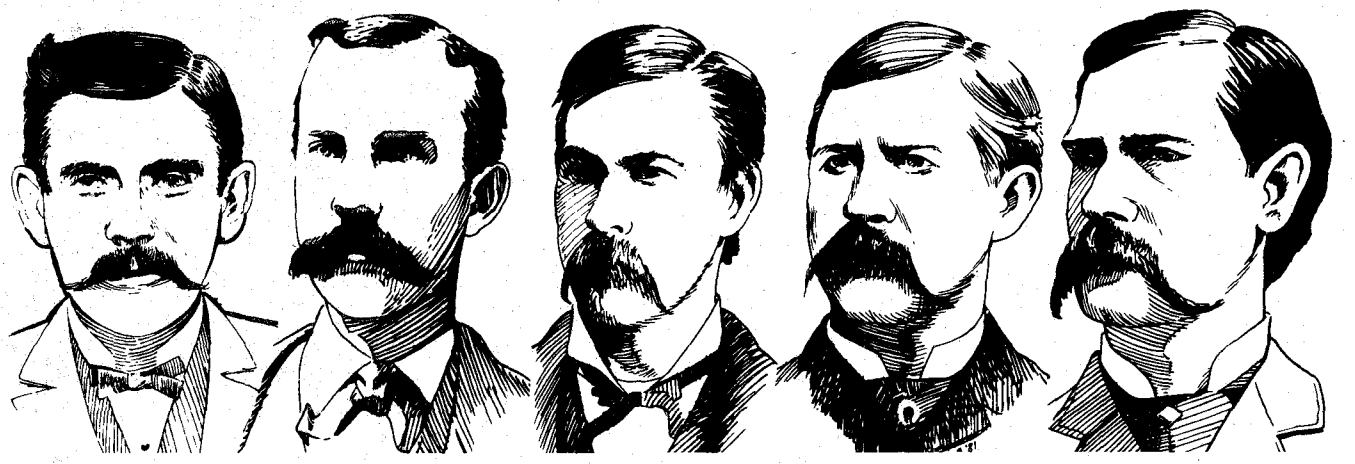

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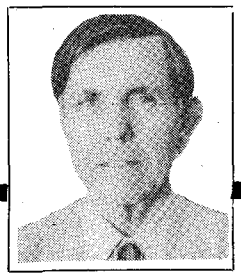

This is my first time to write this column for such a large reading audience and frankly I'm a little stage struck. Maybe a way to sorta break the ice is to tell you a little bit about me.

I was raised in the Osage country in Oklahoma, in a little town of 2,000 population named Fairfax. My father and mother were weekly newspaper publishers there. My grandfather and grandmother and my uncles and aunts were all involved in small town weekly and daily newspaper publishing over the past 80 years in numerous Oklahoma towns.

It was only natural for me to migrate to a small town here on the banks of the Cimarron in Perkins. I was fresh out of the Air Force in 1954, went to college at Oklahoma State University and worked in my uncle's weekly newspaper at nearby Perkins, The Perkins Journal. I ended up buying this little weekly newspaper and becoming a publisher and editor.

I married my society editor, Yvonne Lacy, in 1957, and we've raised our family of three children (our baby boy is a 9th grader this year) in three small towns, Perkins, Seiling and Barnsdall, Oklahoma, publishing newspapers in these communities. In 1976, we moved back to Perkins to again publish The Journal and sorta worked our way into the book publishing business on the side. About Christmas time, we heard Chet Krause wanted to sell Western Publications, publishers of **True West**.

Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd become a magazine publisher! However, on March 1, the contract was signed and a check changed hands and here we are. I'm scared to death!

We've worked through the past 30 years with small subscriber lists of 2,000 and 3,000 and now we find we've got a hold of a humdinger: **True West** with 120,000 circulation, 36,000 of these mail subscribers and the balance on the news stands, and **Old West**, with 118,000 circulation, 15,000 subscribers and the balance on the news stands.

There are a lot of other things to do that we're not used to, such as dealing with numerous authors, purchasing manuscripts, selling advertising in more than 50 states, keeping track of nearly 200,000 back copies of the magazines, getting Hunter's Frontier Times reproduced for you folks subscribing to that, dealing with a printer in Illinois and a magazine distributor in New York City and local magazine distribution in all 50 states. I'll tell you for sure, we've strayed into some mighty strange pastures.

For instance, it is necessary that I go to New York City to talk about a contract with the company that distributes the magazines. This old country editor hardly gets out of Perkins to drive to Oklahoma City or Tulsa, let alone get on a plane and fly into New York.

We're going to do it come heck or high water, though. My mother always taught me that you can do whatever you've gotta do if it is the right thing to do. Well, getting the magazines distributed on the news stands is the right thing to do, we think. I'm already looking forward to getting back home and I haven't even gone yet.

It was the same with talking with Joe Small, the founder and publisher of these magazines. I had this feeling I needed to talk with Joe. I tried calling him on the phone, but talking on the phone isn't like talking head on with a person, so I decided one day last week I was just going to go to Austin where Joe lives, because I knew he had a lot of years of experience he could tell me about. I want to learn everything I can learn about the magazine business, especially **True West** and **Old West** magazines.

I got on a plane at Oklahoma City as the sun came up and it was midnight when I got home, but I got three hours to visit at the Small home, and it was the best visit I've ever had. Not only did I get to meet and know the Smalls, but I got a real good view of how he operated the magazines through the years. If anyone understands the readers of **True West** and **Old West**, it is Mr. and Mrs. Small. They gave me a lot of good ideas.

I told Joe there were several areas of the operation of the magazine that are of concern, such as national distribution and advertising. Immediately he told me to go to the readers with the problems.

"You've got to talk with those people, Bob," he said. "Most of them have been taking these magazines for years. They are interested in them. They are your friends, and you're going to have to talk to them."

He said he confided with you for 30 years and you never let him down.

And that's what I'm going to do over the next couple of months as we dig into solving some of the things troubling **True West** and **Old West**, making it difficult to come out financially. I guess I'm not giving away any secrets when I say they've lost money over the last few years, and we've got to turn them around and head them the right direction while it is still a controllable situation.

Yvonne and I have put our reputation and our savings on the line because these magazines are worth it. As a matter of fact, they are the only real western magazines left, and we intend with your help to keep them going.

We've got some things next month to talk about in detail. Because of the trend in magazine readership and sales all over, the sales on the news stands have not increased as we would like. It is going to be necessary to get Frontier Times off the shelf, dust it off and put it back on the news stand to get more exposure and sale time to get the percentage of sales up.

It is also going to be necessary to get the cost of operation down and we can save hundreds of dollars a year in our subscription renewal notices if we don't send out such fancy notices—maybe just post cards will do. We've got to get our ad sales up so we might ask you to be more responsive to advertisers for a spell if at all possible.

We need more classified ads from you readers and more subscriptions sales and more copies sold from the news stands. Need to keep those copies on the news stands out in front and like Joe Small used to do, we're going to beg you to rearrange your neighborhood magazine stands to get **True West** and

(continued on page 39)

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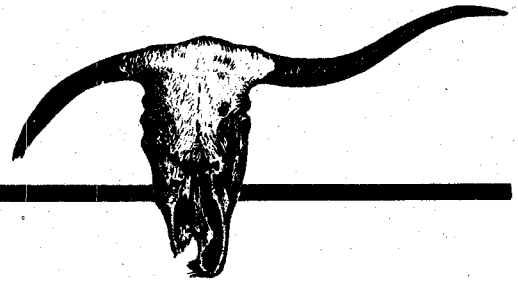
Truly Western



Texas Trail Driver

I have in my collection of western material a letter written to me by Abe Blocker, Catarina, Texas, on April 27, 1935. I believe it is worth publishing:

My dear Sir:

I have your good letter of February and assure you that I am happy to know you through my good friend Pink Sims of Montana. I knew Sims through my old friend Teddy Blue of Giltedge, Montana.

With reference to your allusion to the fact that I have moved more cattle over the Texas trails than any man living, I can say that I have never met a man who claims to have driven more cattle than I have.

I stayed on the trail for eleven straight years, driving herds as large as thirty five hundred head at a time.

I am seventy nine years old. I can hold my own on the range with any man who ever threw a leg over a western cayuse.

In 1881 the 20th day of March I was ready with three thousand Texas Longhorn steers to leave from near Austin on the long trail north. When we woke up that morning the ground was covered with sleet and snow and timber was breaking with ice. I sat around for two days and watched over 300 head of those steers freeze to death.

In 1883 I was on the trail and had 8 horses killed by lightning and three men knocked down by lightning.

At night when a storm was raging I could see balls of lightning flashing across the steers' horns and could see it in balls on the horses' ears. I was knocked down myself in front of a big herd of cattle but was not badly hurt. These are some of the hardships a trail driver has.

I have looked down the backs of more cattle than any one man living. Am still looking them over. Here have been more than five thousand head of big Hereford steers shipped from our loading pens this spring to Kansas for grazing before they go to market. For (you) can see that I still love to live around and work with cattle.

My brother John R. Blocker had 87,000 cattle on the trails in one year, 1886. I drove one of the herds for him. I have been riding hard ever since I have been big enough to sit in a saddle. When I was twenty years old I helped rope and brand thirty seven hundred wild outlaw steers and round them up for the trail next spring. In the next spring I took charge of the herd as it hit the trail for the North. I was twenty one then. Sincerely, your friend, Abe Blocker. — **V. W. Groves, Ravensbourne, Queensland 4352 Australia.**

Don't Judge Others

Referring to the John M. Carroll-Ronald Whitewolf Morgan controversy on Wounded Knee (see Carroll's story July 1983 TRUE WEST), I myself with Cherokee blood when I hear of white-Indian action I always try to see both sides.

The U. S. government always was the aggressor in these movements for more land, gold and just downright greed. They had to have a favorable report to present to Washington D. C. for the field commanders' benefit and the general public. True or false made no difference.

On the Indian side of the story, I suspect there were some bad actors in the Ghost Dance gathering. These few can get things balled up bad, especially for the Indians. They are a spiritual lot and will lay down their lives readily when and if the cause seems just to them.

If you have been run here and there, moved by force off homelands and starved to death by greedy Indian government agents and shot at just to see you jump, I can see why anyone would clutch at anything to make things better, even lay their lives down.

The anglos blame and judge the Indians and the Indians blame and judge the anglos. I myself don't think either one has enough sense to judge the other. — **Jack Glover, Sunset Trading Post, Sunset, TX 76270.**

Likes Cookery Stories

I am renewing my subscription to TRUE WEST. I look forward to getting it each month and have for many years.

I keep all of them and its nice to go back and read an old one from time to time.

I like the Old West Cookery but don't care much about Reel Cowboys. But love the stories of long ago. I will take TRUE WEST just as it is. — **Murle Weaver, 674 W. Palo Verde, Coolidge, AZ 85228.**

Daltons Our Neighbors

In your September issue of TRUE WEST you mentioned the Daltons. They were our neighbors in California.

I became acquainted with a man by the name of John Loosemore who had a ranch east of Paso Robles in the Estrella section of the country. He told me that Grat Dalton was the leader of the group.

They passed through his place while en route to hold up a Southern Pacific train in the San Joaquin Valley. Apparently all they got from that holdup was notoriety. They had the law close upon them.

That paragraph that states the Daltons hid in a draw for a few days: Loosemore knew that they were there and when a deputy sheriff and a group of young deputies showed up looking for the Daltons, he purposely misdirected them because he knew a lot of young fellows would be killed.

True West

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Later on a grand jury called on him to state why he misdirected the people. He told the grand jury that it would have been slaughter for those deputized men to try and take the Daltons. The grand jury realized that his reasons were correct and the jury excused him.

Later on he missed his prize saddle horse which he kept in a barn. A few days passed and he received word from Grat Dalton that his horse was stabled in a livery stable in Needles, California. Grat Dalton thanked him for the use of the horse. Then Loosemore had to go get his mount.

I got this by word of mouth from Mr. Loosemore. **—William D. Brinan, San Ardo, CA 93450.**

Should Have Saved Those Old Cars

Even at the age of 61, having been brought up on an Idaho ranch in the 1920s and 1930s, I can still recall the transition from horses to machines. In fact, during the Depression it was 99 percent horse — for farming and transportation.

There were still many old cowboys around who dated back to the Civil War. I sure wish now one had had the sense to ask for and write down their memories.

But hardly any of us young bucks seemed to care about trying to preserve history. No more than one would have had the sense to fill a barn with the magnificent old cars around then costing $50 at most. They would lay and rust while we used horses rather than buy gas. Even when it sold at 10 cents a gallon, who had a dime?

We had one notorious old gunman named "Deadshot Reed" near Emmett when I was a boy. I never have seen a story written on him.

The real Old West is still very much in reach by living memory for a few like me, but soon it will really be gone except in print. **— Archie V. Willson, No. 496, Niland, CA 92257.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059.

REEL COWBOYS

The Ropin' Fool

By BILL O'NEAL

Will Rogers

Will Rogers is best known as a beloved American humorist, but he also made his mark on western movies. Reared on an Oklahoma ranch, he became an expert rider and roper as a youth.

In 1898, when he was 19, Will went to Texas to work as a cowboy. Wanderlust took him to Argentina by 1902, where he found employment as a gaucho. Soon he caught on as "The Cherokee Kid" with Texas Jack's Wild West Show and as he perfected his trick roping act he became a vaudeville headliner in the United States.

In 1918 Will was approached by Samuel Goldwyn, who wanted the popular performer to star in "Laughing Bill Hyde," a frontier saga written by adventure novelist Rex Beach. Will was reluctant to appear before a camera but he accepted the role and proved to be a hit.

Goldwyn lured him to California with a lucrative contract offer and Will Rogers became a star of silent and sound films. He was allowed a hand in writing the scripts, as the witty dialogue titles in his silent movies demonstrate. In both "Doubling for Romeo" and "Cupid, the Cowpuncher," Will played lovestruck cowpokes.

After working in a dozen films for Goldwyn, Will's contract expired in 1921 and he produced three movies starring himself. One was a delightful western, "The Ropin' Fool," in which he performed 53 of his incredible rope tricks (he even lassoed a mouse with a length of string).

Another memorable western which Will wrote and starred in was "Two Wagons — Both Covered." One of Hollywood's big hits of 1923 was "The Covered Wagon," which became as pivotal for western movies as "The Great Train Robbery" (1903) and John Ford's "Stagecoach" (1939).

Will promptly put together a takeoff on the epic western. In "Two Wagons — Both Covered," Will played the nattily attired hero, Bill Bunian, as well as a raffish scout, bearded Joe Jackson.

"Uncensored Movies" was another western takeoff in which Will strapped on two gunbelts, centered a flat-brimmed Montana-peaked hat on his head and emulated the grim-faced William S. Hart.

Most of Will's talkies were sentimental stories in which he played middle-aged crackerbarrel philosophers and matchmakers. But Will Rogers already had demonstrated the rollicking humor of the West and he lensed the most remarkable roping sequences ever filmed.

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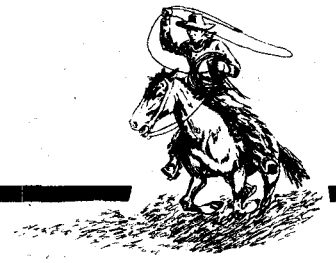
Western Roundup



Fort Celebrates Founding

Venerable Fort Union, onetime guardian of the Santa Fe Trail in northeast New Mexico, will celebrate its founding in ceremonies and parades on July 28 and 29, 1984.

Founded on July 26, 1851, Fort Union, the largest fort in the Southwest, guarded westbound wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail until 1891. The various branches of this trail merged at Watrous, New Mexico, about eight miles southeast of the fort.

The fort remains one of the few public places left in America where Old West buffs can actually stand in the wagon ruts of the Santa Fe Trail.

Fort Union is open free to the public from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily this summer. The fort is located 26 miles northeast of Las Vegas, New Mexico. For more information write Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, Box 148, Las Vegas, NM 87701.

(The Santa Fe trail can be seen at a few other places including a site one and a half miles southeast of the Plaza in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and south of the Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico).

Early drawing of scene on the Santa Fe Trail.

Western Stars. Meet some of your favorite old-time western movie stars at the Memphis Film Festival at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Memphis, Tennessee, on July 4, 5, 6 and 7.

Among the stars scheduled to appear are Bruce Boxleitner, star of TV's "Scarecrow and Mrs. King;" Richard Farnsworth, former stuntman of the 1940s and 1950s who is now a successful actor and star of the acclaimed "The Grey Fox," a recently released western movie, and Carol Forman, serial queen who was beautiful but deadly in "Superman," "Black Widow," and others and she did westerns at RKO with Tim Holt and James Warren.

Also set to appear are Doug McClure, who played the wild young cowhand on "The Virginian" TV series and star of several western movies; Fred Scott, who starred in 14 musical westerns between 1936 and 1942, and Harry Lauter, George J. Lewis, Gene Evans, Sheb Wooley, Huntz Hall, William Campbell, Eddie Dean and Marc Lawrence.

Registration is $40 single, $50 married couple.

Mining Adventure. The World Museum of Mining is located in the old Orphan Girl Mine yard in Butte, Montana, which is known throughout the world as "the richest hill on earth."

Al Hooper, second vice president of the nonprofit organization that operates the museum, said the museum still has the original electric hoist from the mine and it is located in the engine room along with many mining displays.

An old western town has been recreated in the lower mine yard and the street of the town, called Hell Roaring Gulch, is paved with brick. There's a saloon, stores, school, jail and the buildings have the items in them (not for sale) from the early 1900s period.

Admission is free. The museum is operated on memberships and sales from a gift shop on the premises. The museum and old western town are open from March to November. Hooper said last year more than 100,000 tourists visited the two attractions.

Saving Custer's Field. Eight million dollars must be secured soon if some 9,000 acres surrounding the present Custer Battlefield National Monument in southeastern Montana is to be saved from commercial development.

That's according to Harold G. Stanton, president of the Custer Battlefield Preservation Committee Inc., which is trying to raise the money to purchase the land.

"Just about everybody has heard of Custer's Last Stand," Stanton said, "yet very few people know that this historic and scenic land is now threatened with building development."

Unless the lands are bought through the gifts of those who want to assure that they remain in their natural state, they will be subject to commercialization, Stanton said.

Gifts are tax-deductible and may be sent to the committee at Box 7, Hardin, MT 59034.

Hanging Judge. If you're not escaping the gallows, like the outlaws of old, you may want to stop at Fort Smith, Arkansas, an historic spot 170 miles from Little Rock. Memories of "Hang-

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ing Judge" Isaac Parker linger where he hanged nearly a hundred men.

A small log stockaded fort was first built at this site in 1817, in an effort to keep the peace between the warring Osage and Cherokee tribes. The first fort was abandoned in 1824. A second fort was begun in 1838 when President Jackson's "Great Experiment" forced thousands of eastern Indians to move west. The new fort served as a supply post to the Indian country.

It then served as a vital link in the supply line to forts farther west. But its real claim to fame was Judge Parker who presided over some 13,000 cases between 1875 and 1896. As the only non-Indian court having jurisdiction over Indian Territory, Parker's court was busy. Of the 344 defendants tried for capital offenses, 79 were hanged.

The site is located on Rogers Avenue between Second and Third streets in downtown Fort Smith. The barracks building is open from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except Dec. 25 and Jan. 1. The Clayton House and a museum are two other sites to visit nearby.

Historic Trail Site. Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming was established as a trading post by Jim Bridger and his partner, Louis Vasquez, in 1843. Built near Black's Fork on the Green River, the post was a supply center for travelers over the Oregon Trail.

In 1859, following the Mormon troubles, the U. S. rebuilt the fort with 29 buildings and many are standing today. During the 1860s, the fort served as a station for the Pony Express and the overland stages. It served as a center for mining expeditions in the 1870s and for a time in the 1880s was reactivated.

Wyoming acquired the site as an historic landmark in the 1920s. The fort is open daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., from May 15 to October 15. During the rest of the year the fort is open weekends only. All attractions are free.

Indian War Buffs. A tour of Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and talks by several prominent historians are scheduled for the fifth national assembly of the Order of the Indian Wars, Jerry L. Russell, national chairman, said.

The assembly will be held Sept. 20-22 at Scottsbluff Inn, 1901 21st Ave., Scottsbluff, NE 69361.

Russell said among those scheduled to speak are Jerome Greene, historian with the National Park Service in Denver, who will speak on Indian war veterans organization, Neal Mangum, chief historian at the Custer National Battlefield in Montana, and Michael Livingston, chief of visitor services at Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

Father Barry Hagan, University of Portland in Oregon, is scheduled as banquet speaker and his topic is "Fort Laramie and the Fetterman Massacre."

Other speakers include Ray Meketa, Douglas, Alaska, and Dr. Paul Hutton, Utah State University, Logan. Vance Nelson, curator at the Fort Robinson Museum, will give a preview of the tour, Russell said.

Registration for the three-day event is $175 for non-members. The fees include all costs but lodging. For more information write Order of the Indian Wars, Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

Outlaw-Lawmen Meet. The 11th annual rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History will be held July 25-28 at the Spokane Sheraton Hotel, Spokane, Washington. The public is invited.

Mary Garman, NOLA president, said registration for the 3-day meeting is $40 which includes speakers, coffee breaks, banquet and a bus tour of historic sites in the Spokane area.

This year the bus tour will include a stop at "Tracy Rock," a large boulder in the middle of a field a few miles from Creston, Washington, from which outlaw Harry Tracy waged a furious battle with a posse in 1902.

Early in the gun battle, Tracy was wounded. Eventually he concluded he was doomed and so after night fell he shot himself. In the morning posse members went into the field, then a grain field, and found the body ending a nearly two-month manhunt for the Oregon prison escapee.

Kathryn Wright, western author, and researcher, Jim Dullenty, editor of TRUE WEST and OLD WEST, and other speakers are scheduled.

William Storey Twogood, with the Spokane Sheraton Hotel, is rendezvous chairman; Paula Geinger, Milpitas, California, is program chairman and Dullenty is exhibits chairman.

Those firms desiring exhibit space and individuals interested in attending can obtain information by writing NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Western Publications will pay $2.00 for your December issue of True West. Wrap carefully and send as many as you have to:

True West
Box 665
Perkins, OK 74059
Phone: 405-547-2411

Writers Meeting. The 31st annual Western Writers of America convention will be held June 24-28 at the Kirkwood Inn in Branson, Missouri.

With the Ozark Mountains as backdrop, events include a muzzleloading demonstration by the Bull Creek Mountain Boomers, various panels, a publishers' panel and a seminar headed by Richard Wheeler of Greenhill Publishers for small press owners.

In addition there will be rides, musical shows, a railroad trip through hillbilly diggings and a tour of the Ralph Foster Museum at the School of the Ozarks.

For information write Jory Sherman, conventikon chairman, Box 1069, Branson, MO 65616.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059.

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TRAGIC BETRAYAL IN

By RICHARD T. WRIGHT

ON THE walls of the Masonic Temple in Barkerville, a gold rush town high in the Cariboo Mountains of British Columbia hangs an 1868 photograph of members of Cariboo Lodge #469, bedecked in their lodge finery, standing on a rugged semi-cleared hillside.

On the extreme right a man faces the camera with a hard countenance, a look of bitterness, perhaps of anger. His name is William Rennie and his expression mirrors one of the most terrible and tragic stories of the Cariboo.

The 1860s gold rushes in the Cariboo country were drawing men from all corners of the earth. Rich men sought greater wealth, desperate men searched for an escape from servitude and young men went for adventure.

In Canada West they gathered in parties named for their home towns, the Acton Party, Toronto, St. Thomas, Huntingdon, Whitby, Waterloo and more. They made their way west to Fort Garry on the Red River of the North, 350 miles north of the frontier town of St. Paul, and there found three large parties totaling 250.

Well organized and outfitted they treked west across the overwhelming plains, past forts Ellice, Carlton and Edmonton, through the Rocky Mountains and then down the Thompson River to Fort Kamloops or the Fraser River to Quesnellemouth, the gateway to the Cariboo gold fields, and the towns of Richfield, Barkerville and Cameronton on Williams Creek.

LONG after the main group of the Overlanders of 1862 reached Quesnellemouth and dispersed to their various winter retreats there were still five men treking westward: Five desperate men whose intention had been to join the 250.

The group was comprised of the three Rennie brothers, William, Gilbert and Thomas and John Helstone and John R. Wright, all natives of London, Canada West (now Ontario).

They were the victims of procrastination. They did not leave London until May 15, 1862, six weeks after the optimum starting date. On this day they bid farewell to family and friends, picked up their carpet bags and boarded the Great Western Railway for Detroit.

From there they changed railways to La Crosse and then boarded a Mississippi sternwheeler for the upriver journey to St. Paul where they arrived on May 17.

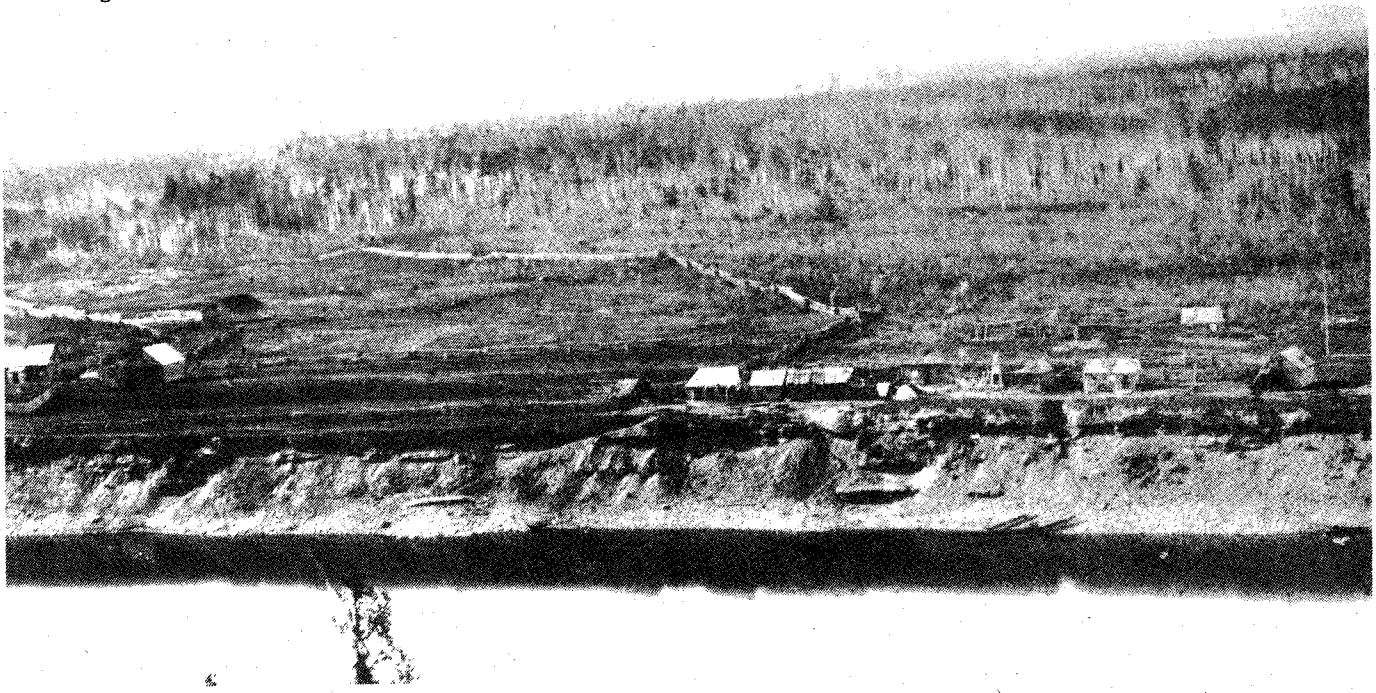
As St. Joseph and Independence, Missouri, had been the "jumping off points" for an earlier overland migration so St. Paul had for the less intense, smaller rushes of the 1860s. The Rennie party bought carts, oxen, harness, mining tools and all manner of provisions here, preferring to outfit at the trailhead and walk north to Fort Garry rather than board a stagecoach and risk high prices at the Hudson's Bay Company post. Provisioning took two weeks.

At Fort Garry on July 7, they had the good fortune to fall in with a returning party of Father Lacombe, the Roman Catholic priest from Fort Edmonton. The expanded group of 12 Red River carts moved steadily westward. Fort Ellice on the 21st; Fort Carlton on August 8, and then Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan River at the end of August.

The Rennie party arrived at an auspicious moment for not only was Lacombe returning but the Hudson's Bay Company brigades were paddling up the river and in a day or two would arrive with the company's Chief Factor Christie and the new Governor Dallas.

AMIDST the bustle of preparation for the brigdes' arrival and the gover-

Fort George on the Fraser River in British Columbia. Courtesy Geological Survey of Canada



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CANADA'S CARIBOO

nor's inspection the Rennie party rested and recuperated for two days, gathering information on the route ahead which they would have to face on their own.

By leaving their eastern home late in the season they faced the Rockies with good travelling weather long passed. Returning Metis guides passed the news that the vanguard Overlanders had reached the Fraser River headwaters 300 miles west with few problems other than a shortage of provisions.

There was a temptation to stay in Fort Edmonton, as some other Overlanders had, to work the North Saskatchewan River for gold. They were sluicing five dollars a day by hand, a recovery rate not to be scoffed at because laborers at the fort received the equivalent of $10 per month plus room and board and the average daily workman's wage on the Coast was a dollar a day.

The Rennie party was warned. Crossing at this time of year was dangerous. But weighing heavily on the other side was their now impetuous rush to reach the Cariboo. To stay would require winter provisions and the Hudson's Bay Company would sell not a bean to interloping miners. As winter closed in they pushed west.

A month later this last small group of 1862 Overlanders had crossed the 250 miles of spruce swamp between Fort Edmonton and the Rockies. At Jasper House a foreboding snowfall laid down six inches. They pushed on with the help of a guide, forded rivers and streams and eased their way through the wide, low Yellowhead Pass.

ON Oct. 4, they reached Tete Jaune Cache, the terminus of navigation on the Fraser. The headwaters camp was trampled, littered and cleared by the 200 Overlanders who had passed a few weeks before and it was with some difficulty that the five located two cottonwoods large enough to make dugout canoes.

While a couple of the party worked with axes, adzes and fire to hollow the canoes the others killed the four oxen, their walking larder, and jerked the meat. Eleven days passed. On Oct. 17, as cold winds of approaching winter blew up the Fraser River they lashed their two canoes together and pushed into the current.

The water was low and fast. The five men paddled quickly, not stopping to prospect the numerous bars and creeks along the way. In little over a week down-river, they would find the end of their rainbow. Goat River Rapids was passed, then Longworth Canyon and in a three-day portage they made it though the Grand Canyon of the Fraser. Then on October 29, in the Giscome Rapids, disaster struck. They were two days from Fort George.

The two lashed together canoes were wrapped broadside around a half-submerged rock. They rocked the canoes, shifted gear, paddled, pushed and pried. No matter what they tried the canoes remained firmly stuck. Hours past and the sun sank in the West drawing the cold curtain of night around the five men huddled in the middle of the river.

On the second day of entrapment floating ice crushed the smaller of the two canoes and threw John Wright into the river. One and a half miles downstream he dragged himself ashore.

But with no way to light a fire he spent a freezing night and felt the gradual numbness that foreshadowed death. On the third day William Rennie broke out his shoemaker's tools and carved a large moosehide into rawhide thongs and from them braided a strong rope. It was heaved ashore and when Wright made it fast the four men came hand over hand to shore.

Fort Edmonton and the North Saskatchewan River about 1890.

Courtesy Geological Survey of Canada

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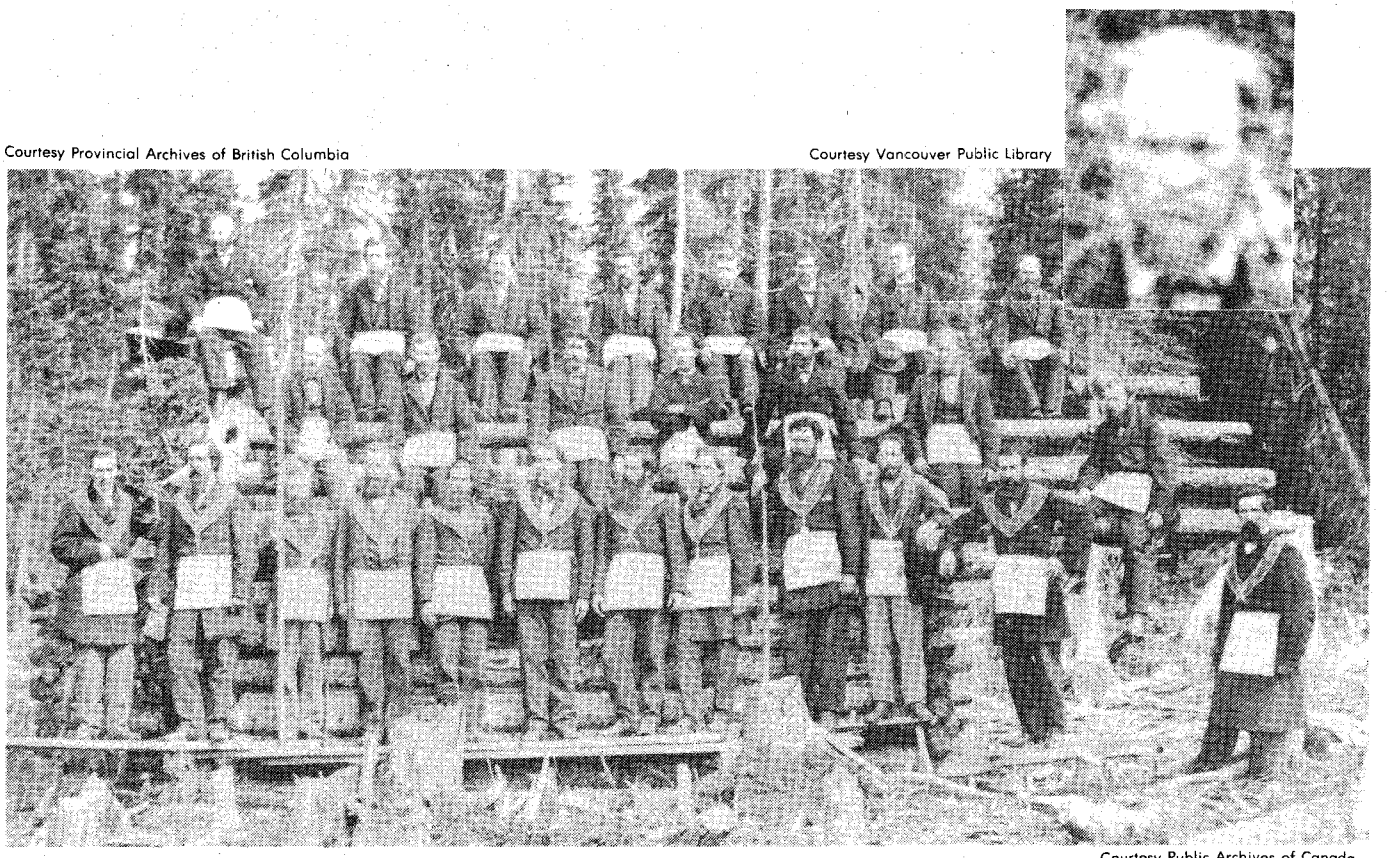
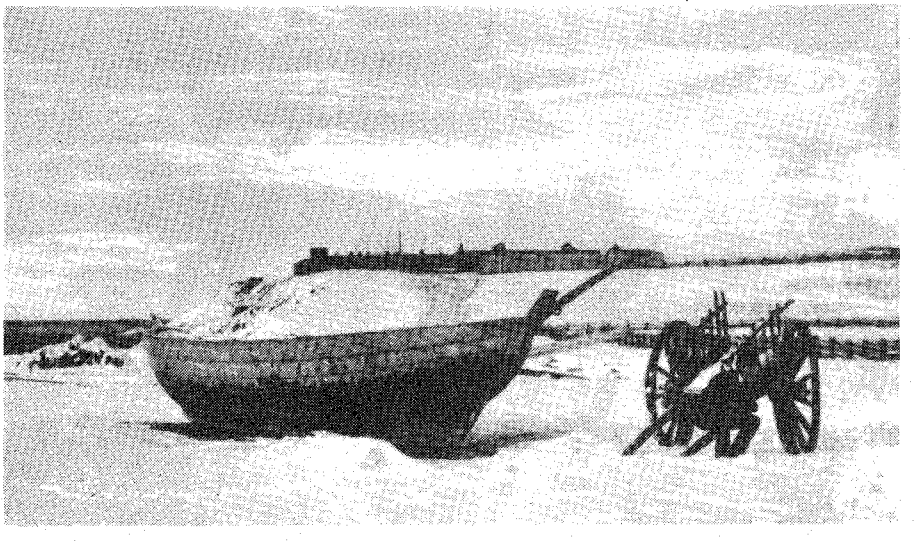
Courtesy Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library

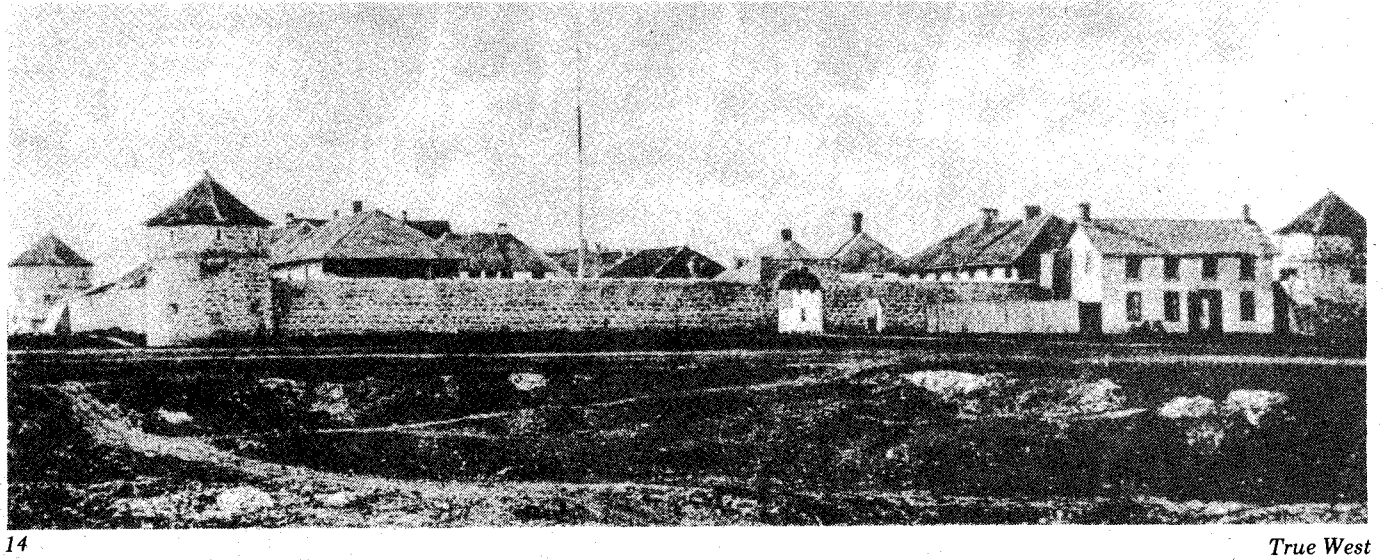


Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

Above is early photo of Barkerville Masonic Lodge members; William Rennie is second from right in middle row. Rennie is shown in inset. At right is old photo of Fort Edmonton in Winter and below is upper or old Fort Garry as it appeared in 1878.



Courtesy Manitoba Archives



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Their frostbitten fingers could not light a fire, so another night was spent huddling together. On the fourth day John Helstone and Thomas Rennie woke with frozen feet. In desperation they lit a fire using gunpowder and sparks and for a moment their hopes soared with the flames.

ON THE fifth day William and Gilbert Rennie layed a driftwood bridge to the stuck canoe and with their braided rope were able to pull it free and line it to shore. That night John Wright's hands froze.

The sixth day begun with an abortive attempt to reload the canoes and continue. When this failed a decision was made; Gilbert and William Rennie would make for Fort George.

On November 4, one week after striking the rock, they set off, anticipating a journey of a couple of days. A storm blew in and snow began to fall, ever deeper, ever more difficult to push through. A river crossing took three days, and still no sight of the fort.

They ate a mink, a squirrel, a few grouse and handfuls of rose hips. William's feet became frost bitten and their pace slowed to a shuffle as the days became a blur of agony. The journey through winter to the safety of Fort George took 28 days.

Where the last 28 days had been a terrible physical agony the next month was one of mental anguish compounded with the frustration of impotent fury. There would be no rescue party.

Hudson's Bay Company factor Thomas Charles told them he could not, or would not, send help. To be sure, he sent a party of Indians, but they returned the same day. The trail was impassable and the river ice not solid enough for travel, they said.

Without a rescue party a slow, cold, certain death waited for the Rennie's brother Thomas, John Helstone and John Wright.

Gilbert and William assuaged their conscience with the belief that given their own difficulties surely the other three could not have survived this long. There had been little food, snow had fallen and winter had set in. Nothing could be done.

FORT George factor Charles was pressuring the Rennie brothers to move on — provisions were short — he had no room for them. So on January 26, they abandoned all hope and effort toward a rescue and headed south for the relative safety and civilization of Quesnellemouth.

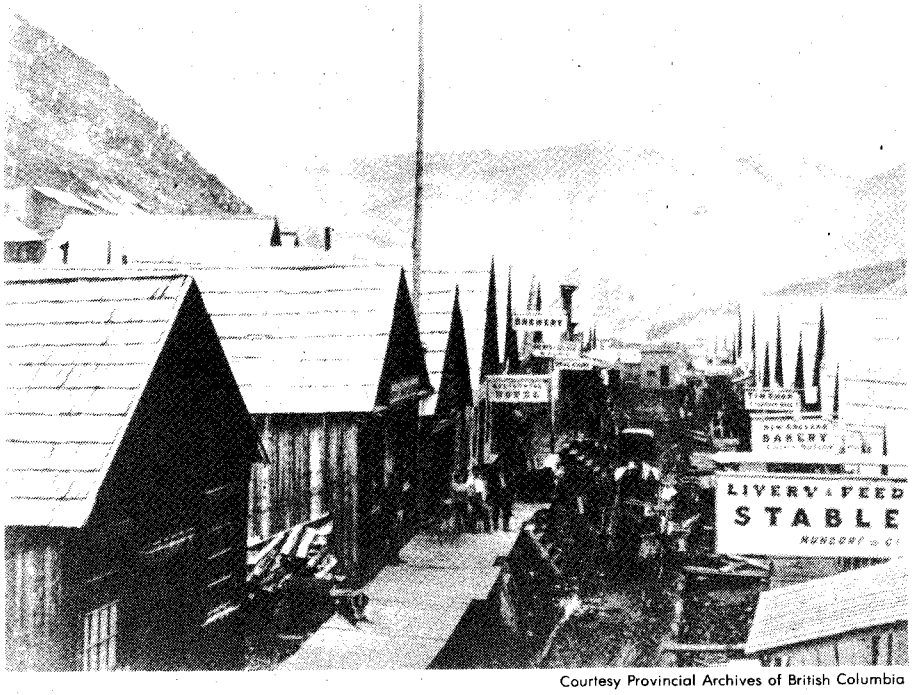
The two surviving Rennies worked out their bitter winter in the area of Williams Lake, then in spring travelled to Williams Creek. Perhaps they felt a debt to at least a try for gold. Their stay was short for both men still suffered the effects of their winter ordeal.

When Gilbert's rheumatisim flared up they left, on June 17, 1863, perhaps with a sense of relief. The quest was over. Then came stunning news from a black trapper by the name of John Giscome who had been cruising the area of the winter camp. His macabre story was soon to reach the ears of the surviving Rennies and the newspapers of the new colony. It was a story that would haunt the Rennies for the rest of their lives.

When Gilbert and William reached Fort George and realized that no rescue party would be sent they assumed the other three were dead.

But the three men in the river camp had 10 days food and plenty of firewood, so there was no immediate danger.

Gilbert and William would reach the fort, they thought, and lead a rescue party back. Then the storm came. As their ears strained for the sounds of distant "hallos" they heard only the steady wash of the freezing river and the occasional croak of a solitary raven. Their



Courtesy Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Main Street, Barkerville, British Columbia, before the fire of September 1868 which burned much of the town.

Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

Early party near the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan River, typical of Rennie party. Note Sharp's rifle and Red River carts.

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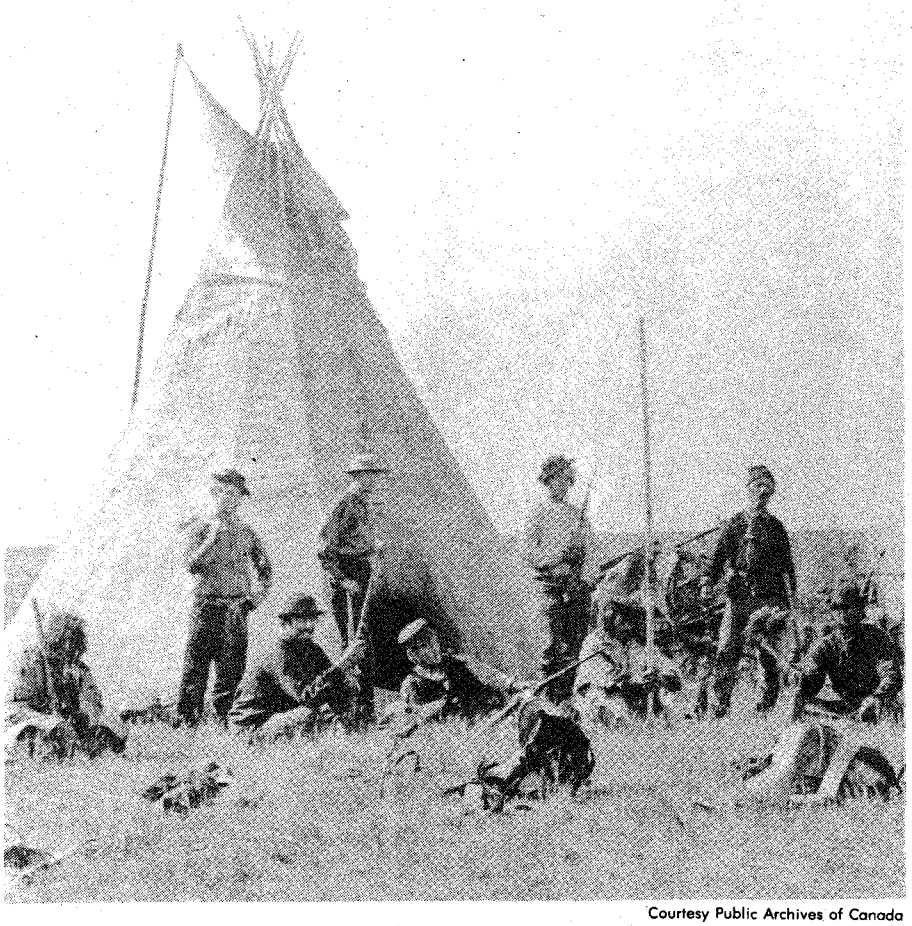

Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

Early travelers on the prairies, much like the Rennie group.

frostbitten limbs screamed in agony and rendered them unable to even search for firewood.

By the time William and Gilbert reached the rude Hudson's Bay Company post the three stranded men were in terrible pain and dreadful condition, but they were alive.

They waited and as they did so the fire burned out. There was no way to relight it.

ON Jan. 26, two months after the canoes had hit the rock, Gilbert and William had gone downriver from Fort George to Quesnellemouth. Incredibly, even now two of the three men upriver still clung to life, still awaited rescue. And they survived the only way a grim starving man can.

When a wandering band of Carrier Indians stumbled on their camp, after a request from Gilbert and William to watch for it, they found two men eating the flesh of the third.

The white men drove the Indians away at gunpoint. These Indians lived in mortal fear of cannibals and needed little persuasion. On the tenth week of isolation, when Gilbert and William were at Quesnellemouth and while newspapers were berating factor Thomas for not forming a search party, the Indians returned to the river camp.

One man was still alive. This time the Indians came to kill the devils who ate human flesh. As the sole survivor struggled to escape on rotting limbs his ordeal was ended by swift hatchet blows. Believing they had done as nature demanded the Carriers gathered up all the mens' possessions and faded into the spruce forest.

When John Giscome found the camp some of these Indians were with him and, frightened of white man's justice, showed him where the belongings were, including letters from the Rennies' mother and Gilbert Rennie's wife.

Giscome buried the grisly remains and carried the story to civilization.

For Gilbert and William Rennie, knowledge of the river camp cannibalism and death struggle and their own failure to return drove a wedge between them, Gilbert apparently returned east to his wife and family. William was in Barkerville at least by June 6, 1867, when he advertised in the *Cariboo Sentinel:* "Boot and Shoemaker. Boots and shoes made to order at the shortest notice. Gum Boots repaired, and Warrented water tight, and all other work connected with his business executed with neatness and dispatch. Opposite the Cariboo Sentinel office."

IN THE Great Barkerville Fire of 1868, which destroyed most of the town, William Rennie lost his shop and goods, valued at $1,000. He opened again on Sept. 22, 1868. He stayed in Barkerville running his store and investing in claims such as the Murtle Company and the Proserpine Gold and Silver Company until the fall of 1880.

On Aug. 29, 1880, he and Mrs. Catherine Evans were married by Reverend Sexsmith at the home of lumber merchant I.B. Nason. Catherine was the widow of Captain John Evans of Welsh Adventurers fame who died at Stanley almost a year before, on Aug. 26, 1879.

It seems fitting that these two, each with tragedy in their past, joined for comfort and left the Cariboo and its memories behind.

They were never heard of again. The rest of their lives passed unnoticed and unrecorded. Of William Rennie all that remains is his likeness in a Masonic lodge photo and his shoestore in the restored gold rush town of Barkerville.

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Jesse James

Dr. Thomas L. Hunt

By RAYMOND L. WALTERS

Jesse James' Double

Jesse James was one of his names,
Another it was Howard.
He robbed the rich of every stitch.
You bet, he was no coward.

But that dirty little coward,
That shot Mr. Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in the grave.

THESE two stanza's taken from the "Ballad of Jesse James," by Billy Gashade, in many ways sums up the life and death of one of the Old Wests' more famous outlaws. Few people today, however, are awarded that with Jesse James' death another man's life could begin anew.

The story of Dr. Thomas L. Hunt of Scottsville, Kentucky, the man who became known as Jesse James' double, begins with the Sept. 3, 1880 Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, stage holdup. It was staged by two "American Dick Turpins" who rode out from the bushes which lined the stage road, presented pistols and ordered the driver to draw rein and the passengers to dismount.

Among the passengers were Judge R. H. Rountree (spelled in some records as Rowntree) and his daughter Lizzie Rountree, both of Lawrencevill, Georgia. The Judge lost $670 and an engraved watch to the highwaymen while his daughter lost a large amount of jewelry including a diamond ring.

Other passengers and the amounts they lost were: J.E. Craig, Jr., Lawrenceville, Georgia, $55; S. H. Frohlechstein, Mobile, Alabama $23; S. W. Shelton, Calhoun, Tennessee $50 and George M. Paisley, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, $5.

A final passenger was Philip Rountree another relative of Judge Rountree. He lost nothing to the robbers by managing to secrete his watch and wallet under the stage seat. After the robbery was completed the passengers were ordered to get into the stage and the driver told to "go on," a process he was only too ready to pursue.

ALL Kentucky was stirred by the robbery. People were afraid to venture out of doors unless heavily armed. On Sept. 27, 1880, Acting Governor James E. Cantrell offered a reward of $500 for the capture and conviction of the two robbers and half that amount for the capture and conviction of either one.

Two months later, G. W. Bunger arrested Dr. Thomas L. Hunt and delivered him to Ned Wilkerson, the jailer of Barren County as one of the robbers who held up the Mammoth Cave stage coach on Sept. 3. Hunt answered every description perfectly and Bunger had no doubt of his chance for the $250.

The prisoner protested his innocence in vain. No one believed him. So he waived examination and at the March term, 1881, of the Barren County circuit court was indicted for robbery. The case was continued to the September term, 1881, and then again continued to the March term, 1882.

At that session the case was tried over the protest of the defendant. The passengers, all of whom appeared as witnesses except Miss Rountree, positively identified Hunt as one of the robbers. The jury found Hunt guilty and fixed his punishment at three years in the penitentiary.

Counsel for the defendant at once made a motion for a new trial, and this motion was laid over until the September term of court. Before that date arrived Bob Ford killed Jesse James in

(continued on page 39)

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ALLAN PINKERTON
Taming of the West

By LARRY D. UNDERWOOD

Photos Courtesy The Author

IN 1871 a terrible fire brought Chicago to its knees. In 27 hours, 17,450 buildings turned to ashes and smoke. Included in the ashes was the Pinkerton's National Detective Agency.

The office was rebuilt and four years later in 1875, a young, oval-faced outlaw from Missouri stood staring across a busy street at the entrance. The outlaw sought the man who ran the agency, Allan Pinkerton. He wanted to kill Pinkerton to even a score. The young man's name: Jesse James.

Pinkerton agents were blamed for an attack on the home of Jesse's mother, killing Jesse's half-brother and seriously injuring Jesse's mother. Now just weeks later, according to Jesse's Uncle George Hite, Jesse was in Chicago stalking Allan Pinkerton. But the time was never right and Pinkerton lived. Jesse claimed later, to kill Pinkerton "was too easy. When I do it, I want him to know it's me who's doing it."

By this time Allan Pinkerton had been fighting crime for a quarter of a century. He lived at a time when crime flourished throughout the United States. In the East, the Methodist bishop of New York assessed his city, counted Methodists, then gangsters and prostitutes and concluded that the Methodists were outnumbered.

That was in 1866 and Allan Pinkerton was in Illinois after working for the government as undercover agent Major E.J. Allen and establishing a Union Army secret service.

WITH offices in Chicago and several other cities, Pinkerton and his detectives waged war on outlaws not only in the East, but in the wild and woolly West.

Some date the Pinkerton pursuit of the James Gang from the Ocobock Brothers Bank in Corydon, Iowa. The bank lost $6,000 (some say $45,000) in June 1871. The brazen James brothers not only robbed the bank but rode to the local church, interrupted a political speech and Jesse announced:

"Some fellows have been over to the bank, robbed it of every dollar in the till, and tied up the cashier. If you all aren't too busy you might go over and untie him. I've got to be going. Thank you all for your kind attention."

Stunned members of the crowd could only stand dumbfounded as the outlaws doffed their hats, yelled, and kicked their mounts into a gallop back to Missouri some 30 miles south.

Allan Pinkerton

IN Chicago, Robert Pinkerton told his father, "We must smash this gang if it is the last thing we do."

But it was not to be easy. Considered northerners and worse, Yankees, Pinkerton agents got little help from Missouri residents. Jesse was a hero. The Pinkertons also had no accurate descriptions or photographs of James Gang members.

In an all-out effort to stop the James boys, Allan Pinkerton finally opened a branch office in Kansas City.

As time passed, Jesse and his gang became aware of the Pinkertons but he was not much concerned about them. The James boys robbed a train at Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1873, adding a new dimension to their criminal activities. And at Gads Hill (Wayne County), Missouri, late on Jan. 31, 1874, Jesse and four friends captured a railroad station, switched a train onto a siding, snatched $22,00 and asked passengers, "Where is Mr. Pinkerton?"

Fearing the newspaper wouldn't get the story right, Jesse wrote his own news release and left it with the conductor, saying, "We like to do things in style."

The Most Daring Robbery on Record

The southbound train on the Iron Mountain railroad was boarded here this evening by five heavily armed men and robbed of [_____] dollars. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the station agent and put him under guard, then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, none of them under six feet tall.

True West

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They were all masked and started in a southerly direction after they had robbed the express. They were all mounted on fine, blooded horses. There is a hell of an excitement in this part of the country.

The note did little more than insult the newspapers and the Pinkertons. In less than two months, Pinkerton men began to close in. But Pinkerton agent John M. Whicher, just 26 years old, was slain while trying to locate near the James home at Kearney, Missouri.

The local sheriff had warned, "The old woman will kill you if the boys don't." The boys did.

IN west-central Missouri a few days later posing as cattle buyers, Chicago detective Louis J. Lull, former St. Louis policeman John Boyle (alias James Wright), and former Osceola deputy sheriff Edwin B. Daniels rode along Chalk Hill Road, near Roscoe, about 50 miles northwest of Springfield. Lull and Boyle had been chasing the gang since the Gads Hill robbery. It was about 2:30 in the afternoon as Lull told the story:

"E.B. Daniels and myself were riding along the road from Roscoe to Chalk Level, which road runs past the house of one Theodore Snuffer, and about three miles from the town of Roscoe and in St. Clair County, Missouri.

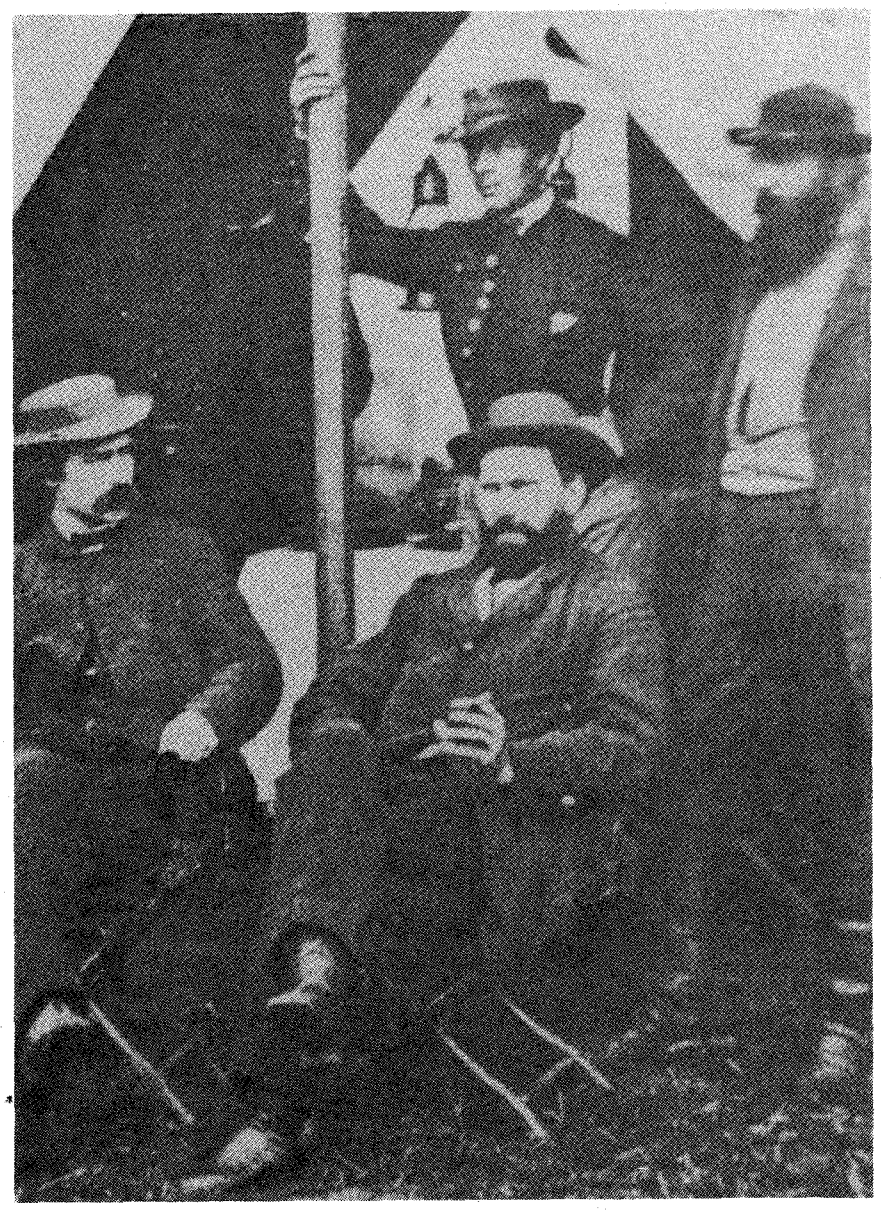
"Daniels and myself were riding side by side, and Wright a short distance ahead of us; some noise behind us attracted our attention, and we looked back and saw two men on horseback coming toward us, and one was armed with a double barrel shot-gun, the other with revolvers."

"Wright. . .put spurs to his horse and rode off; they ordered him to halt, and. . .shot off his hat, but he kept on riding. Daniels and myself stopped. We dropped our pistols. I reached my hand behind me and drew a No. 2 Smith & Wesson pistol and cocked it and fired at the one on horseback, and my horse frightened. . .

I turned to run and I heard two shots and my arm fell, and then I had no control over my horse.

"A small tree struck me and knocked me out of the saddle. I then got up and staggered across the road and lay down until I was found."

Lull killed John Younger, a cousin of the James boys and the brother of Cole Younger. Daniels was killed by another of the Youngers, Jim. Lull died of his wounds.



Civil War photo shows Allan Pinkerton seated center.

WITH Lull, Daniels, and Whicher dead at the hands of the James Gang, all within a few days, the Pinkertons sought a method to trap the killers. But the Youngers had slipped away to Dallas, Texas and the Jameses left Missouri too.

Jesse returned in April to marry Zee Mimms, then left for Texas. Frank and Annie Ralston were married in June. Back in Missouri Pinkerton Agent Jack Ladd got work on the Dan Askew farm across the road from the Jameses' mother's farm near Kearney.

Jesse and Frank's mother, Zerelda, and their stepfather lived on the farm. The stepfather was Dr. Reuben Samuel.

In January 1875, Agent Ladd reported the James boys were at the farm! From his Northend Hotel in Kansas City, William Pinkerton, Allan's son, ordered a raid. Quickly railroad agents and Pinkerton men sped by train to Kearney.

That night, they surrounded the Samuel house, tossed "a small flare with an iron base, a copper top with two curved wicks" through a window, and waited for it to light the interior of the house.

Dr. Samuel used a cane to slap it into the fireplace where the device exploded. Zerelda's mangled arm had to be amputated at the elbow. Archibald Samuel, age 8, Jesse's half-brother, died that night. Dr. Samuel was burned and cut and a servant suffered serious injuries. But the Pinkerton men failed to find Frank & Jesse.

Years would pass before the Pinkertons could forget this incident. Public sentiment swung to the Jameses. The Pinkertons emerged the bad guys.

Meanwhile, the Jameses saw to it that Dan Askew, the farmer Agent Ladd worked for, paid for his betrayal. They

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Allan Pinkerton on horse in Civil War photo.

shot him dead on his doorstep. The Pinkertons continued their efforts, harassing the neighbors and friends of the gang, forcing the outlaws to quit the area and look to Minnesota for new banks to rob. Things would never be the same in Missouri.

But the Pinkertons did not get the Jameses. Bob Ford executed Jesse with a 44 caliber bullet on April 3, 1882. Frank surrendered later that year to Governor Thomas Theodore Crittenden of Missouri.

ALLAN Pinkerton was born to William and Isabella McQueen Pinkerton in Glasgow, Scotland in 1819. He married Joan Carfrae and they sailed for America in 1842. He made barrels in Lill's Brewery in Chicago before moving to Dundee, Illinois and settling in as the local cooper.

Within a few years, Pinkerton discovered counterfeiters near Dundee. Before long, he was deputy sheriff, then a "special agent" to the sheriff of Cook County, and subsequently, "the first detective" on the Chicago police force.

Not long after, Pinkerton hired detectives to protect railroad property. By 1852, just ten years after the Scotsman arrived in America, he created the Pinkerton National Detective Agency. Their motto: "We Never Sleep."

After the James Gang, there were plenty of outlaws to keep the Pinkertons busy in the West. Stage robbers, train robbers and bank robbers seldom let the agency rest. There was Sam Bass, the farm boy from Lawrence County, Indiana, and his friend, Henry Underwood, from neighboring Jennings County. Pinkerton agents sought them in the 1870s.

There were many others who earned a place in the Pinkerton Rogue's Gallery and received the undying attention of Pinkerton agents until such time as they were taken out of society in one fashion or another. Some of the outlaws like the Wild Bunch were well-known. John Wesley Hardin and Old Bill Miner were sought by the Pinkertons at one time. Frank Jackson, Red Curtis, Fred Wittrock, Thomas Eskridge, Rube and Jim Burrows, Jim Brock, Edward Estelle, and Dick, Tom and Joe McCoy, among others, made the Pinkerton "wanted" list.

In the main office in Chicago, changes were taking place. Branch offices opened across the country. Allan worked harder than ever until a stroke slowed him. He went into semi-retirement only to outline several book-length stories which were handed over to ghost writers and completed as *The Molly Maguires and the Detectives* (1877), *The Spy of the Rebellion* (1883), and *Thirty Years a Detective* (1884).

The old Scotsman suffered another stroke in 1882. He never recovered. Death came on July 1, 1884. The agency continued its crime-fighting activities under the guidance of Allan's sons, William and Robert.

With operatives like Charlie Siringo, who started with the Pinkertons in 1886, success continued for the sons. Tom ("Killing men is my specialty") Horn was a roving agent for the Pinkertons. He quit, saying, "Too tame for me" and hired to a Wyoming cattle company. Some say he was paid up to $500 a head for dead rustlers. Horn was hanged in 1903 for the murder of a 14-year-old boy, Willie Nickel.

Allan Pinkerton began his agency with nine employees. Today, more than 33,000 employees are located throughout North America. Until 1967, a Pinkerton always headed the firm, but an "outsider" took over that year. The agency name was changed in 1965 to Pinkerton's Inc.

While Allan Pinkerton lived in the West, he left a lasting impression on the badmen who pillaged there in the last half of the 1800s.

James D. Horan, a Pinkerton biographer claimed that the Pinkertons, from the 1860s into the 1900s, "in every major train or bank robbery, either captured or killed the thieves and gathered the evidence that led to scores of convictions of outlaws who were imprisoned in territorial or federal jails."

While Horan may have overlooked some that got away, it is certain that Pinkerton and his agents and later his sons, removed a considerable measure of "wild and Woolly" from the West in spite of opposition from citizens whose values sometimes made lawmen outlaw and outlaws heroes.

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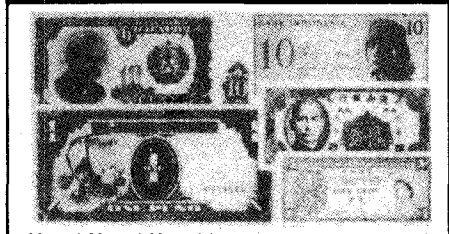

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Jenny Wimmer She Helped Discover Gold in California

By DONOVAN LEWIS

Drawing of James Marshall and Jenny Wimmer testing gold in boiling soap.

WHILE it is widely acknowledged that James W. Marshall was the first to discover the "strange mettle" leading to the California gold rush, not many realize that a woman also played an important role in this historic event. It all started with a simple wedding ceremony:

"Will you, Elizabeth Jane Bays, take this man, Peter L. Wimmer, to be your lawfully wedded husband . . .?"

"I will," said the attractive young woman, nicknamed Jenny. She turned from the stony-faced preacher and glanced anxiously into the eyes of her new life's partner, while he answered the same question.

This 1844 ceremony took place in Van Buren County, Missouri, (now Cass County). Among those present was George Harlan, father of Peter Wimmer's former wife, Polly. Polly had given birth to five children before she died in 1843, and Peter had been hard pressed to care for them along with his endless farm chores.

Jenny lost her husband, Obediah Bays, about the same time from a deadly malady called "wasting fever." With two infants to care for and a farm barely started, she had been forced to seek help from her family. She and Peter had been friends and neighbors since she and Obediah had arrived there in 1840. It seemed only natural that the two of them would eventually marry.

Still attractive at the age of 24, Jenny was described as a blue-eyed brunette with a reasonably good education for the times. Born on a Virginia tobacco plantation on June 18, 1820, Jenny Cloud's family migrated to newly discovered gold fields at Lumpkin County, Georgia, when she was seventeen.

The Cloud family eked out a living there until shortly after Jenny was stricken by illness during a severe winter in 1839-40. After Jenny recovered the following spring, she married Obediah, who reportedly helped nurse her during her lengthy illness. After their marriage they decided to join Jenny's family and migrate west to Van Buren County, Missouri.

THE family traveled in two covered wagons and the 1000-mile journey went fairly well until they crossed the rain-swollen Mississippi River. That was when the wagon in which Jenny was riding capsized, tossing her into the churning, muddy water. A poor swimmer, Jenny managed to save herself by clinging to the tail of one of the oxen as it struggled ashore.

The wagon was retrieved intact and the emigrants reached the settlement at Van Buren County in October. They immediately claimed land of their own

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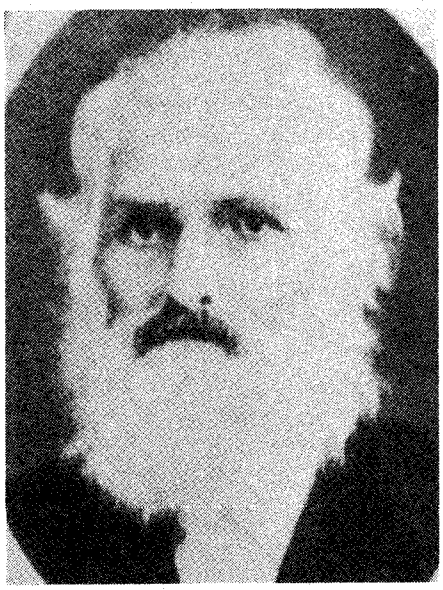


Both Courtesy California State Library

Jenny Wimmer and her husband, Peter.

and commenced farming. Obediah died three years later.

Peter and Jenny had been married two years when Captain Harlan agreed to lead a wagon train to California. Discouraged by the inclement weather and disease on the Missouri frontier, Peter and Jenny decided to take their brood of seven children and go along to seek a new start in life.

Though the long overland journey was grueling, it proved no worse than expected and the weary travelers limped into Johnson's Ranch in the California foothills in late October. They barely crossed the formidable Sierra Nevadas ahead of the ill-fated Donner Party, who were trapped near the summit by a snow storm and had to retreat with disastrous results.

The Wimmers' reached Sutter's Fort ten days later and somehow found housing for their large family. After a short stint in John Fremont's California Volunteers during the latter part of the Mexican War, Peter went to work for Captain John Sutter.

EARLY in 1847, Sutter's key men were sent to find the best site for a sawmill Sutter needed to provide badly needed lumber. They finally agreed on a place called Cullomah Valley for the mill. It was located on the South Fork of the American River and had plenty of timber, decent access and a mild climate. Sutter then entered into a partnership with James W. Marshall, an erstwhile millwright, to build it.

Peter Wimmer's sixteen-year-old son, John, accompanied Marshall to the site, which lay about 45 miles east of the fort. Indian laborers were set to work grading a rough road and two ox-carts loaded with tools, equipment and food supplies followed behind with the rest of the Wimmer family.

Peter had been employed to work on the sawmill, while Jenny cooked for the crew. Two of Peter's oldest sons, Elijah and George, stayed behind at the fort to work. Following the American River east, the slow-moving carts reached Cullomah two days later, which would have been about Sept. 1.

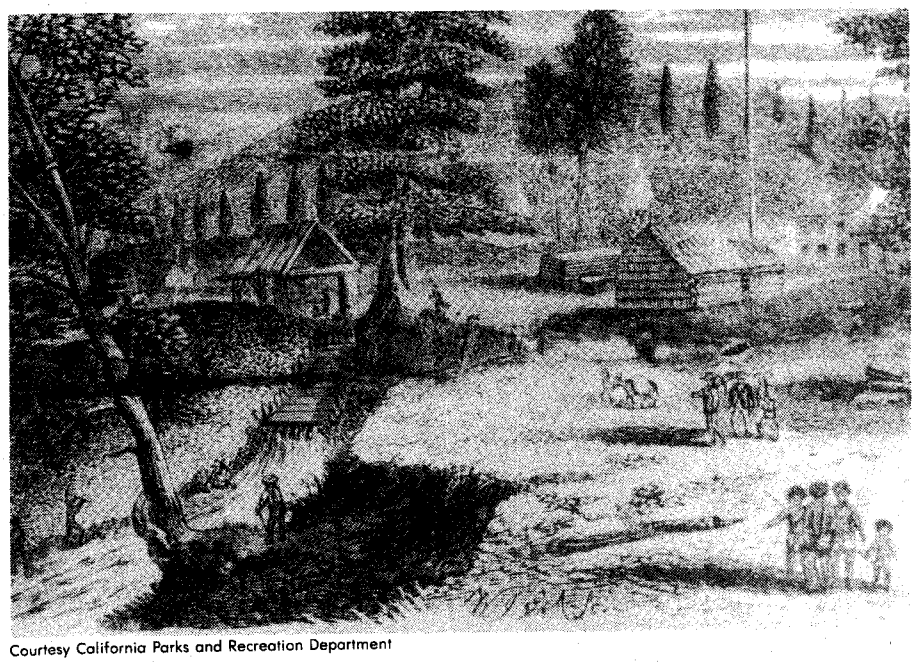
A divided, double cabin was quickly erected with one end reserved for the Wimmers, while the other side housed the millworkers. Jenny was dismayed to find herself cooking over a crude "log heap" fireplace. However, she did most of her cooking outdoors when weather permitted.

The initial work-crew was soon augmented by the timely arrival of a group of skilled Mormon workers who had recently been discharged from the U.S. Army's Mormon Battalion after serving in the Mexican War.

Jenny prepared meals consisting mostly of bread made from coarse unbolted flour, dried beans and peas, tea, coffee, occasional sweets and whatever meat was available. The diet sometimes varied when hunters took time off to shoot game which was abundant in the area. Anything eatable eventually found its way into Jenny's insatiable cook pots.

By November cold weather set in, forcing Jenny to cook indoors. It was soon apparent that the log-heap fireplace was inadequate and the smoke intolerable. Marshall had gone to the fort to oversee fabrication of the crucial millirons, so Jenny was forced to appeal to the millhands for relief.

Though the men were busy with other projects, they pitched in and quickly built a stone fireplace. Peace reigned until Christmas morning, when some of the workers began complaining about Jenny's alleged favoritism when dishing



Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department

James Marshall's sawmill during construction, 1847-48.

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out the food.

Jenny lashed back, complaining that the men were to blame for coming late when she called them for meals.

Taken aback by Jenny's outburst, the men moved off, grumbling among themselves. After spending a leisurely Christmas Day fishing and climbing Mount Murphy to roll rocks down the side, they were in a better mood when they returned for supper.

When Jenny clanged her dinner-gong, the men hurried to the table where they were greeted by the appetizing sight and smell of fresh bread, roast beef, pumpkin and apple pies. Someone found a bottle of brandy and peace reigned once again. Unfortunately the truce was short lived, as Henry Bigler — one of the Mormon workers — wrote a little poem which Jenny angrily denounced after hearing it.

"On Christmas Morning in bed
she swore,
That she would cook for us no
more
Unless we'd cum at the first call
For I am Mistress of you all."

When friction continued unabated, most of the Mormons "revolted from her government" — as they put it — and built themselves a separate cabin where they could do their own cooking. They moved into it on Sunday morning, Jan. 23, to "get rid of the brawling, partial Mistress." Oddly enough, it was the very next morning when James Marshall made his spectacular gold discovery.

Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department

John Sutter in retirement, about 1875.

Jenny had been outside boiling a kettle of lye-soap when she heard excited shouts coming from downriver.

"Gold! Marshall's found gold!" she heard, as she stirred the smelly, rancid mixture. Watching intently, she saw Marshall running up the trail, closely followed by Peter and other workers. Marshall held out his battered hat and the excited men gathered around, staring in awe.

"Boys, by God, I believe I've found a gold mine," Jenny heard Marshall say.

"I guess not," replied a skeptic.

"What is it?" another worker called, rushing toward the milling throng.

"Gold!" said Marshall.

"Oh no . . . that can't be," said the skeptic.

Marshall eyed the man with scorn. "I know it to be nothing else," he snapped.

"Jenny's had experience minin' for gold in Georgia," Peter said. "Why not let her take a look at it?"

"Good idea," Marshall agreed, picking out the largest piece. He handed it to one of Peter's boys who hurried to Jenny with it.

Jenny bit it and examined it with care before dropping it into her boiling soap mixture, muttering a silent prayer. It did look like gold, but the caustic lye should tell the tale, she thought, stirring the rancid mixture impatiently.

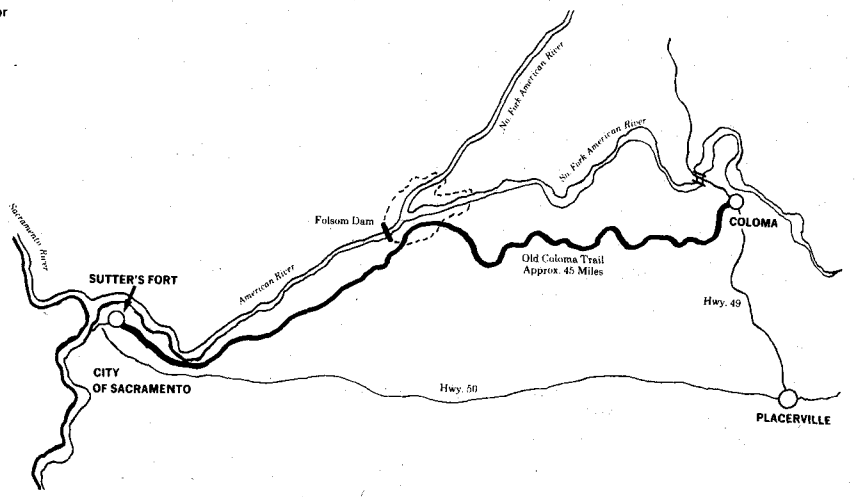
When Marshall showed the men where he'd found the "strange mettle," most of them found some for themselves and even the skeptics became believers.

And when the nugget emerged from Jenny's kettle unharmed, Marshall found his biggest task was keeping his men on the job to finish the mill. By granting them permission to hunt for gold on their time off, he convinced them to stay on before he dared to leave for Sutter's Fort with the news and some samples. He also cautioned them to say nothing.

Marshall was back two days later with the startling news. "Oh Boys, by God, it's the pure stuff," he said, dismounting from his jaded horse.

Once Henry Bigler had digested the news, he enlisted some of the men to

Courtesy the author



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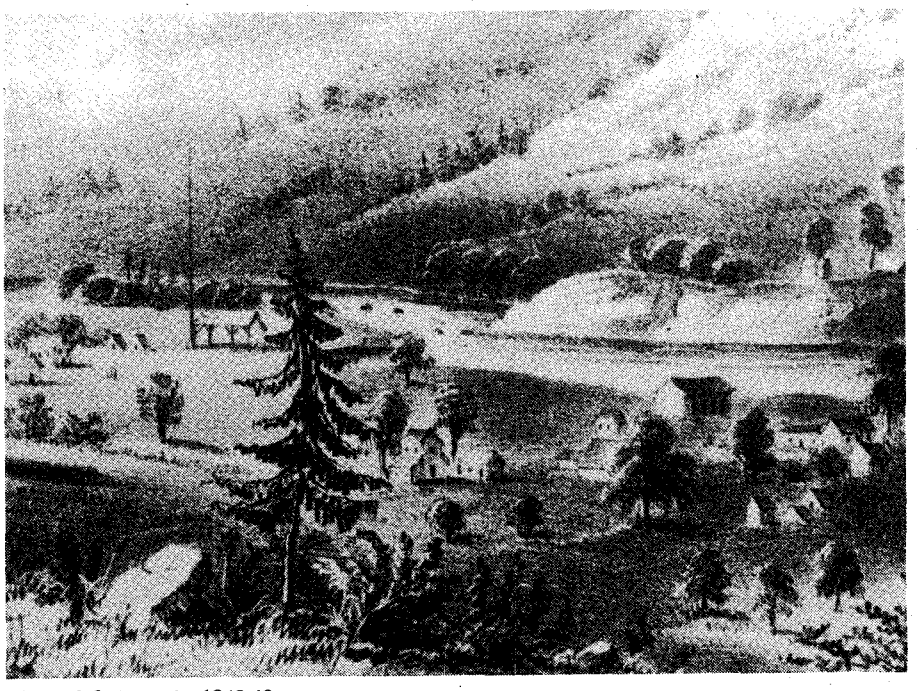
play a joke on Sutter. Each of them contributed a little gold and Bigler planted it in the tailrace where it could easily be found by Sutter. With the stage carefully set to everyone's satisfaction, the men were hard-pressed to keep straight faces when Sutter arrived a few days later.

The joke might have worked perfectly if it hadn't been for two of the Wimmer boys who accidentally discovered the salted gold ahead of time.

"Look what we found!" cried the boys, as they ran to Sutter who was being led down the "primrose path" toward the tailrace.

Bigler and his frustrated cohorts could only mutter helplessly, as the boys proudly displayed their find before Sutter's startled eyes.

The day wasn't entirely ruined as Sutter found a little gold himself, which he subsequently had made into a ring.



View of Coloma in 1848-49.

AFTER he left, the Wimmers continued with their duties and searched for gold on Sundays with the others. The mill became operational in mid-March, when it successfully cut 2,000 feet of rough boards in one day. Jenny's cooking chores were then eased, as most of the workers were released. Some returned to Sutter's Fort, while others went prospecting for gold.

It was apparently the Wimmer children who "spilled the beans" about the gold discovery. They mentioned it to a teamster who had delivered a wagonload of supplies to the camp. After getting some gold for himself, the teamster returned to the fort, where he wasted little time buying brandy with it at Charlie Smith's store.

Smith told his partner, Samuel Brannan, who owned a newspaper in San Francisco. Articles began appearing in the papers and a special edition was sent East. By mid-May the coastal towns were drained of manpower as argonauts fled to the foothills in ever increasing numbers, leaving shops, farms and ships empty.

When the newly arrived gold-seekers began hounding and threatening Marshall to help find gold, the harassed millwright virtually fled for his life.

Before he left, he reportedly buried some gold under the steps of the Wimmer cabin. The Wimmers' knew it, of course, but promised to keep it quiet. Included was a fair-sized nugget Marshall found near Kelsey's Diggings. After Marshall subsequently returned for his gold, he claimed the large nugget was missing, but to no avail.

Subsequently, Jenny gave birth to another son, Benjamin, probably the first white child born in the famed gold town. This meant that poor Jenny had been expecting during her hardest months of cooking for the millhands. It's no wonder she appeared cranky at times and insisted that they abide by her rules.

ONCE the 1849 gold rush began and it became obvious that the original gold discoverer would achieve world-wide recognition and fame, other millhands claimed to have taken part in the first discovery. Jenny wasn't immune to this, and claimed that she and her family were "just as much the discoverer of gold as Marshall."

Jenny also displayed a nugget which was brought to her by her sons. Furthermore, she claimed it was the very one she had boiled in her soap kettle that eventful day in January, 1848. When questioned about the missing Marshall nugget, Jenny stated that he had given it to her.

Looking back years later, Marshall thought he might have given Jenny the nugget for safekeeping and that she had probably spent it for supplies. Jenny had a different story. She said Marshall had given it to her and said:

"I always intended to have a ring made from it for my mother, but I will

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give it to you." And Mrs. Wimmer added: "I took it and have had it in my possession from that day to this. Except for the color, it looks like a piece of spruce gum, just out of the mouth of a school-girl full of indentations."

In 1849, Captain W. H. Warner, a U.S. Army Engineer, formed a partnership with Wimmer and Norman Bester to operate a store in Coloma. Wimmer contributed $4,000 worth of merchandise and handled purchasing and drayage. Bester boarded with the Wimmers "in a tolerable house," as he put it.

By 1851, relations between Marshall and the Wimmers turned worse when Peter filed suit against Marshall for a debt of $650. Another suit was filed the same year by Peter Wimmer, et al, against Marshall for "trespass," which was won by default.

In 1856, long after the sawmill ceased operating, the Wimmers claimed that a gold nugget in their possession was the first piece found in Coloma and was the one she had boiled in her soap kettle.

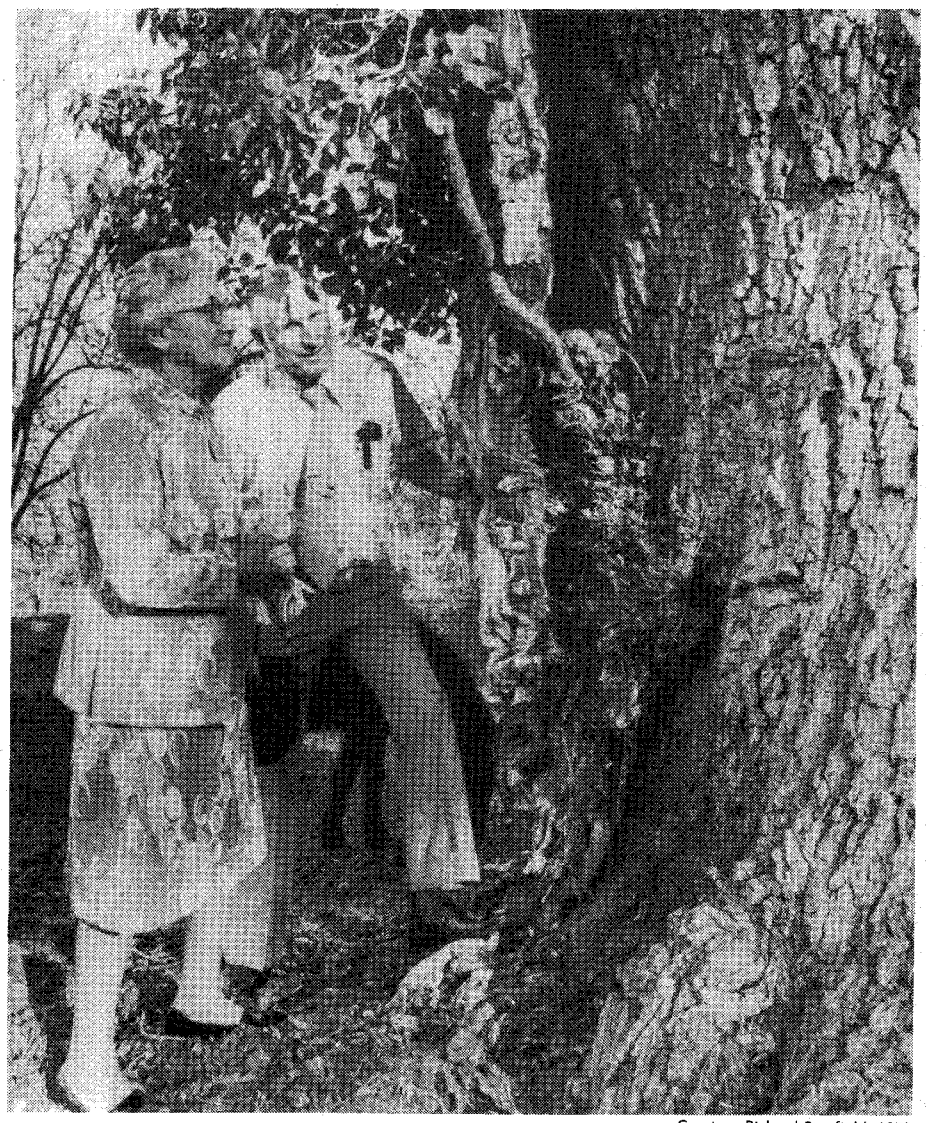
Apparently down on their luck, they must have assumed that this would bring them the recognition and prosperity that had eluded them. Years later they tried to sell this nugget to the Society of California Pioneers for $2,000, but they were turned down.

Sometime around 1877, one William W. Allen reportedly bought this nugget from them. Later, he tried to sell it to the State of California for $25,000. Despite sworn depositions from the Wimmers (executed in 1885) that the nugget in question was the same one Jenny had tested, the state declined their offer.

This nugget eventually ended up in the Bancroft Library at the University of California and facsimilies have been distributed throughout the country. Whether it is the original is open to question. However, it was certainly one of the first nuggets found in the Coloma area and has become symbolic of the historic gold discovery.

THE Wimmers apparently left Coloma in 1852 to visit their relatives in the East, but by 1855 they were again living there surrounded by their large family.

They were living in Sonoma County in 1863, but within seven years had moved to San Luis Obispo County. Apparently tiring of Northern California, the Wimmers moved to Los Angeles County and were living there in 1882.



Courtesy Richard Stanfield, 1975

Maude Wimmer Wesner and her husband, Wilbur, look at old Wimmer oak at Coloma, California. Peter and Jenny Wimmer were Maude's grandparents and lived here in 1850s and 1860s.

By now all the children were grown and on their own except Peter Jr.

A year or two later they moved farther south to San Diego County where they signed the depositions regarding their coveted gold nugget. Jenny died shortly thereafter and is buried in a pioneer cemetery at Valley Center. Her grave is marked by a small gravestone simply inscribed, "Mrs. Wimmer."

Subsequently, Peter returned to San Luis Obispo County and died there in 1892 at the age of 82. The children settled throughout California and some of their many descendants still reside there.

The Wimmers always claimed that Peter was standing next to James Marshall when he picked up the first gold. If so, it seems ironic to think that Marshall has been lionized by countless stories and a State Park containing his magnificent statue, while Peter and Jenny remain virtually unknown except by history buffs.

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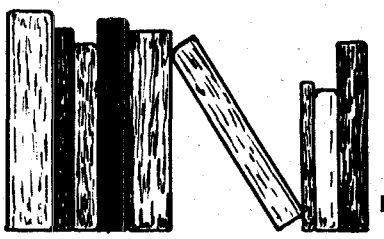

Life Among the Blackfeet

THE BLACKFEET: RAIDERS ON THE NORTHWESTERN PLAINS. *By John C. Ewers. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 345 pages. $21.95 hardbound, $12.95 paperback.*

This comprehensive work by John C. Ewers, first curator of the Museum of the Plains Indian on the Blackfeet Reservation in Browning, Montana, is much like a hearty stew.

The reader will find many choice tidbits boiled together into an agreeable concoction. Those who seek Old West adventure can find it in Ewers' vividly retold accounts of the Blackfeet in conflict with the other plains Indians such as:

". . . the Blackfoot chief offered the Crow warriors a chance to start for home — as far as a nearby hill. When they reached it, the Blackfoot warriors went after them. The Crows hid in a deep ravine and fought off several sporadic Blackfoot advances. From their protected position they killed a number of Blackfoot attackers without loss to themselves.

"The Blackfoot chief then appealed to his men to follow him in a mass assault. They rushed into the ravine and killed every man of the Crow delegation with knives and war clubs."

The historian will find the careful research he seeks as well, ranging from some of the earliest accounts of the white man's contacts with the Blackfeet, dating from the 1740s and 1750s, to Indian population reports from government archives that date to the 1930s and later.

Ewers, who later became senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution, doesn't serve up a prose a novelist would envy. But his perceptive observations from living among and talking to the Blackfeet comes through clearly. A seasoning of 22 illustrations and three maps makes this book of solid research into highly palatable reading for most everyone.

— Ken Robertson
Kennewick, Washington

TRIUMPH AND CONFUSION

WHO LIVES WHERE: A BIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO HOMES AND MUSEUMS. *By John Eastman. Facts on File Publications, 460 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10015. 531 pages. $29.95.*

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN WARS. *By Richard H. Dillon. Facts on File Publications, 460 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10015. 256 pages. $29.95.*

The first book is a great surprise because it is a fascinating account of famous people and their homes. Six chapters, each focusing on geographical areas of the United States (Alaska being an exception), provide information on homes owned by the famous and near famous.

There are indexes to help the reader find the biography and home that interests them. Home owners are as diverse as Dean Acheson and Florenz Ziegfeld.

My interest is military figures, particularly Custer, and the book includes his homes in New Rumley, Ohio; Monroe, Michigan; Manhattan, Kansas; Elizabethtown, Kentucky and Mandan, North Dakota. Unfortunately no photo of the Custer homes is provided, though photos of the homes of other personalities are shown and there are many photos in existence of Custer's homes.

Whatever I could write about the second book would be inadequate to express its many failures. By titling the book as he did, the author presumes definitiveness. But what he wrote cannot be built on other than to be used as an example of how not and what not to write on this subject.

The author has published several worthy books, including one which won the Gold Medal of the Commonwealth Club of California and another which won the Spur Award of Western Writers of America. But he will not win an award for this ill-researched book which even has Custer erecting Fort Sill.

Presentation of the printed matter is excellent and the illustrations are glorious, but most are not adequately captioned nor identified as to source. The chapters on the Plains Indians are riddled with factual errors, errors of omission and are inexcusable.

— John M. Carroll
Bryan, Texas

BUY AT YOUR OWN RISK

BENTEEN'S ORDEAL AND CUSTER'S FIELD. *By Barry C. Johnson and Francis B. Taunton, Johnson-Taunton Military Press, London. 97 pages. $20.*

This little book, nicely printed and constructed, is in reality two papers joined together by a common binding and I strongly urge disregard of its purchase.

But if one must waste one's money, buy at your own risk. Neither of the authors are members of the Little Big Horn Associates, yet they offer studies and criticisms of subjects long debated by those dedicated members.

Most authors and researchers approach Custeriana with a degree of commonality, but these two from across the sea ignore what others have offered and selectively retain only that which supports their theories.

Barry Johnson is the more pompous and perhaps notorious in those respects, preferring to attack that which has been

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presented whether it be facts or debated truths. In one instance he attacks an author for offering Benteen's court martial in a printed form for a select 50 people. He belittles the same author for getting the court martial of Lt. Flipper reversed. This reviewer knows for a fact that author had nothing to do with the effort.

"Benteen's Ordeal" is an ordeal to read and has been told better by Karol Asay and Charles K. Mills with less pomposity.

Taunton's "Custer's Field" has been told dozens of times before and far better. New information would have supported his views far better than rehashed history.

This is a case of a small press attempting to cash in on the Custer and Benteen names. It would be better for the authors to keep up with new discovers and share with others in the field, which membership in Little Bighorn Associates provides.

— John M. Carroll
Bryan, Texas

FOUR TRAILS WEST

THE SMOKY HILL VALLEY AND BUTTERFIELD TRAIL. *By Leslie Linville. Available from the author, Box 8, Colby, KS 67701. 125 pages. $11.95.*

VISITING HISTORIC SITES ON THE CENTRAL HIGH PLAINS. *By Leslie Linville. Available from the author, Box 8, Colby, KS 67701. 147 pages. $10.60. (Kansas residents add state sales tax on both books).*

Gold was found near the present city of Denver, Colorado, in July 1858 and the rush was on. Thousands rushed to Denver in the 1860s to get rich quick. Many died en route from hunger, thirst, exhaustion and Indian attack.

The Smoky Hill Valley and Butterfield Trail recounts the sufferings of the migrants on that trail. It is documented by references to newspaper articles and books at the Kansas State Historical Society and other organizations.

Before May 10, 1869, no railroad went farther west than the Missouri River at St. Joseph, Missouri. Travel west was by foot, mule, horseback, covered wagon and stagecoach.

In those days there were four trails going west from the Missouri River to Denver. From north to south, they were the Platte River Valley Trail through Nebraska which the Mormons took to Salt Lake Valley and the route also to Oregon and Washington; the Republican River Trail, used by the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express through Nebraska close to the Kansas line; the Smoky Hill River Valley Trail, also known as the Buttefield Trail, through central Kansas, and the Santa Fe Trail, through Kansas along the Arkansas River.

The second book, *Visiting Historic Sites on the Central High Plains* is about all four trails. The first book is mostly about the one trail. *Visiting Historic Sites* includes a chapter on the Texas cattle trails and tells about forts, stage stations, camping spots and other sites.

The author is well qualified to write about these trails. He became familiar with the terrain of the Smoky Hill River Valley in his youth. His father, W. H. Linville, purchased a section of land in Logan County, Kansas, in 1905. The Smoky Hill Trail went through the author's family property. Ruts made by the wagon trains are still visible.

— H. Thompson Stock
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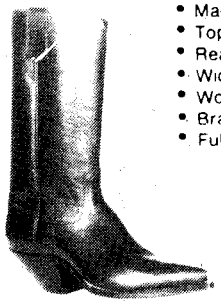

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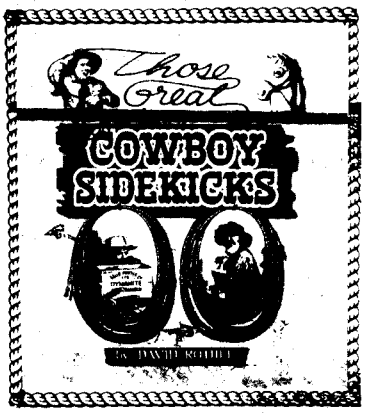

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BIGFOOT
Terror in Idaho-Oregon

By HARVEY FRYE

THE name "Bigfoot" strikes terror in the hearts of many residents of rural Oregon and Idaho today. There was a time when that name also struck terror in the hearts of residents of the two states, but was a different "Bigfoot."

Bigfoot the Indian and Mike Jordan the Irish descendant of the Lairds of County Mayo were awesome figures in the Owyhee County which straddles the Oregon-Idaho Boundary 110 miles southwest of Boise, Idaho. They both left their marks on the land and on its people which last to this day.

Bigfoot survives in the name of a city: Nampa, Idaho on the old Silver City-Boise stage route. Nampa is Shoshoni for "foot." Mike Jordan left a creek, a town and a geologic formation named for him.

Mike Jordan and Bigfoot collided in a fatal encounter. The result was death for Jordan, a leader and organizer, a miner and businessman. Bigfoot could easily be identified because of the size of his feet; he left tracks bigger than anyone had seen in this vast wild country.

OWYHEE country lies east and north of rugged, dangerous canyons with sheer walls among snowcapped peaks. A tenderfoot takes unnecessary risks even today if he goes off the main tracks and roads without a guide.

The name "Owyhee" is not Indian. It is back country talk for "Hawaii." Trappers of Hawaiian origin were sent into the area to explore it and never returned. The name stuck.

To the south and east is a desert area where the wind has created structures which look like castles and forts. Indian lore refers to this country as "bad land of many smokes." When white men organized the area as part of Oregon in 1887 they called it Malheur County or "Bad Time County." Many of today's residents would say the county is aptly named.

This is a highly mineralized area. Silver City bloomed at the 6,100 foot level of War Eagle Mountain. It produced more silver and gold than Nevada's Comstock Lode.

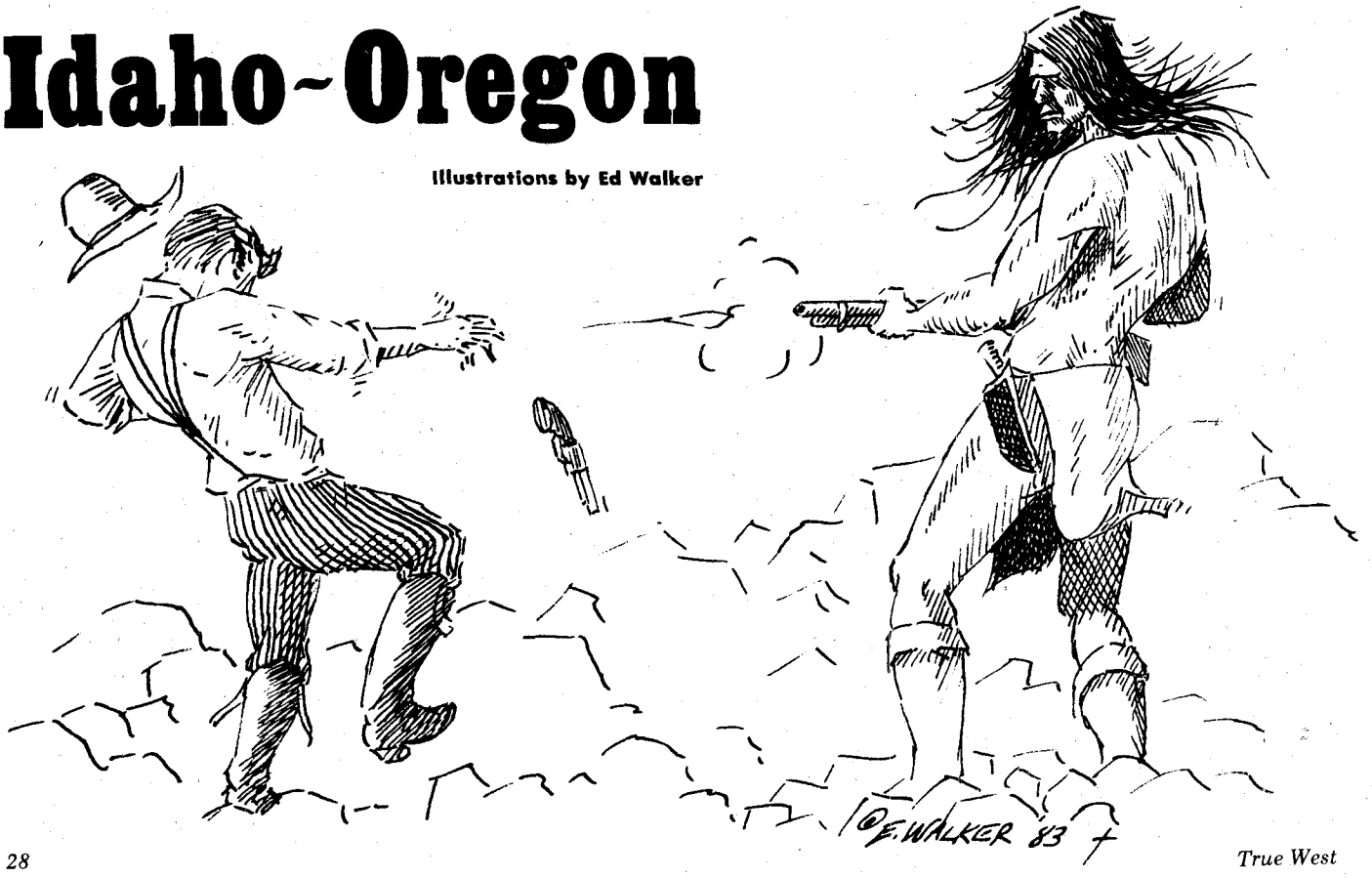
IT WAS this exciting supercharged atmosphere that attracted both Bigfoot and Mike Jordan.

In May 1863, Mike Jordan and a party of 29 men and about 60 horses and mules left Placerville, Idaho Territory, in search of gold. Among those in the party were Jack Reynolds, for whom Reynolds Creek was named, and a W. Churchill.

Other than being listed in Jordan's records, no more is known of this particular W. Churchill. Reynolds became a well-known miner and rancher. According to Jordan's diary, the party discovered gold in what is now Jordan Creek the day they arrived. The discovery was made near the present town of Jordan Valley (named for Mike).

The Indian known as Bigfoot was in the area at that time. According to a story about his death in the Idaho (Boise) Statesman, this huge man came

Illustrations by Ed Walker



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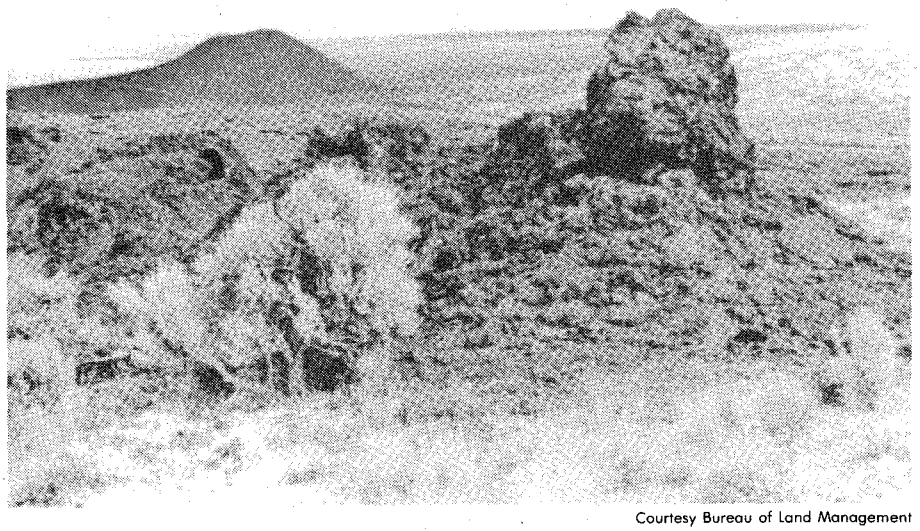
West with a wagon train from Oklahoma in 1858.

His name was Star Wilkinson and he was mixed white, Cherokee, and Negro. The reporter measured the body. Bigfoot was 6 feet 8½ inches tall and 59 inches around the chest. His hands measured 18 inches at the palms. The feet were 17½ inches long. He weighed an estimated 300 pounds.

Well-muscled and darkly handsome, with a coppertoned skin aged by his outdoor life, Bigfoot was seen in death what he seemed to be in life, an enormous physical specimen.



Courtesy Bureau of Land Management

Bigfoot Country, a spatter cone west of Coffee Pot Crater. Area is tough on feet of man and animal.

REPORTS about Bigfoot and his band of Paiutes circulated through the mining district constantly. He was seen on Jordan Creek at daybreak, on Reynolds Creek — 40 miles away — at dusk.

He is reported to have outrun mounted riders through rough terrain and sagebrush to reach the Snake River at Farewell Bend 125 miles north of Jordan Valley. He then swam the river and escaped. He could be seen towering above raiding parties giving directions and encouragement to his band. He seemed to be everywhere there were Indians and trouble.

Reports of tracks of his huge feet were enough for travelers to decide to stay in town for the night. Mothers of the few children on the scene chose to restrict them to whatever it was they called home. It was said that no ordinary horse could carry him — and anyway he could outrun a horse.

Jordan had come to the Owyhee Country after roaming through gold camps throughout the Northwest. He caught gold fever in the San Francisco Bay area. By the time his party had successfully staked claims and panned substantial gold along the creek named for him, Jordan became wise in the ways of this dangerous country. He knew how to protect what was his and he knew how to handle men.

From the way Bigfoot operated it was clear he planned his raids carefully. He had been raised as an Indian or he could not have been so successful in eluding his pursuers for so long. He seemed to know just when to strike and with what force.

He understood that he needed information: When cattle were arriving from Texas to feed hungry miners; when the stage was to leave Silver City for Boise; when the digs along Jordan Creek would be unprotected, and so on.

Silver City lies in a basin surrounded by hills which could conceal numerous observers. It would have been no trick to slip into town after night and listen in the darkness.

IN EARLY July 1864, little more than a year after the gold strike on Jordan Creek, Bigfoot raided a ranch and attacked the nearby diggings. The rancher and his wife were killed and the cattle were driven toward the nearby lava beds. Near the outer rim of the lava formations the party split. The cattle were sent south with a few braves. The rest of the band headed northwest into the heart of the lava bed area.

Courtesy Owyhee County Historical Society

Michael Jordan, sketched from photo.

As usual, during this raid Bigfoot walked, trotted or ran most of the time. He left a trail that a tenderfoot could follow blindfolded. Jordan had gone to Silver City, unaware of the attack until he got back a day later.

He immediately organized a posse, but had to wait another day for some of his men to return from a prospecting trip. They tried to gather sufficient supplies, horses and mules for a sustained trip.

Few details have been left because Mike was the record keeper and he didn't come back. The suspicion persists that they did not carry enough water for the men and animals. It is unlikely that they knew much about the lava area. They had problems with water early in the pursuit. An excited group of angry men started out just after daylight three days after Bigfoot's attack. When they arrived at the spot where the trail split there wasn't any doubt about which way to go. The trail was plain. They turned North.

It wasn't long before they were threading their way single file among the huge, split, grotesque formations. Twenty men and forty animals followed each other in a mixture of dust, sweat and profanity.

MIKE and a few others had gone on not realizing that most of the party was being left behind. No one saw the Indian scouts, at least two on each side, who were keeping pace with the column.

Finally Jordan stopped in a clear spot

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in the formation. A gun boomed and lead twanged on the rock nearby. The men ducked behind low lying boulders. More shots rang out — then silence. The rest of the party could be heard coming up the trail.

Jordan dispatched a messenger to tell the main group to hold up and wait for a signal, three quick shots, to advance. By this time the sun was going down in the West. Long shadows from the high formations around them masked their movements. Just at dusk Jordan gave the signal and the rest of the party came into the open space.

Bigfoot and his braves watched the tortuous movement of the white men from above the opening where Mike and his advance party were stopped. The Indian scouts came in. All withdrew together to a spot where they could talk quietly without being seen or heard by the white men. After brief discussion, they left walking silently behind Bigfoot.

An hour or so later they reached a cave opening. They all went inside. This was the war party's camp. The Paiute women were cooking.

Jordan and his men spent a cold night on the rocky desert. Two men went in search of the Indians. When they returned, Mike concluded the men would not have come back if Bigfoot and his braves were still around. So fires were lit. A watch was posted. They all slept among the rocks.

The next morning two men stayed with the remounts and the camp. No one saw a lone Indian scout withdraw.

The Jordan search party moved out in a cloud of choking trail dust. The trail turned northeast generally following a stream toward an almost perpendicular escarpment.

SUDDENLY shots rang out. Lead shattered and twanged around the party. The men dismounted and took shelter among the boulders.

More shots rang out as Bigfoot's party headed for new positions near the escarpment. Jordan now realized he was facing a large number of Indians, with more guns than he had. By now he knew he had been deliberately drawn into this difficult position. He was exposed in the searing heat on low ground with only minimal cover.

Jordan and his men advanced through the boulders. Lacking experience and skill at this sort of thing, most of the men revealed their locations as they moved.

Suddenly there were more shots and a few yelps of pain. About then Jordan saw a huge Indian moving toward him among the rocks. Bigfoot!

Finally Mike had him. Now those raids and killings would stop and he could get on with making his fortune. In attempting to stalk the advancing figure he stepped forward on a pile of loose volcanic debris. It rattled. The huge figure turned instantly. They both fired without raising their weapons. Badly hurt, Mike dropped. The Indian took a quick look at the falling form and disappeared.

The wounded miner called to his companions. They gathered around him. Jordan asked the men to leave him and escape with their scalps while they could. After a brief discussion they withdrew to their horses and returned to Jordan Valley.

Returning a few days later, a larger party found only a few bits of clothing and some grisly parts. Jordan had been dismembered and his parts distributed over a wide area. They buried what they could find.

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The Answer Man

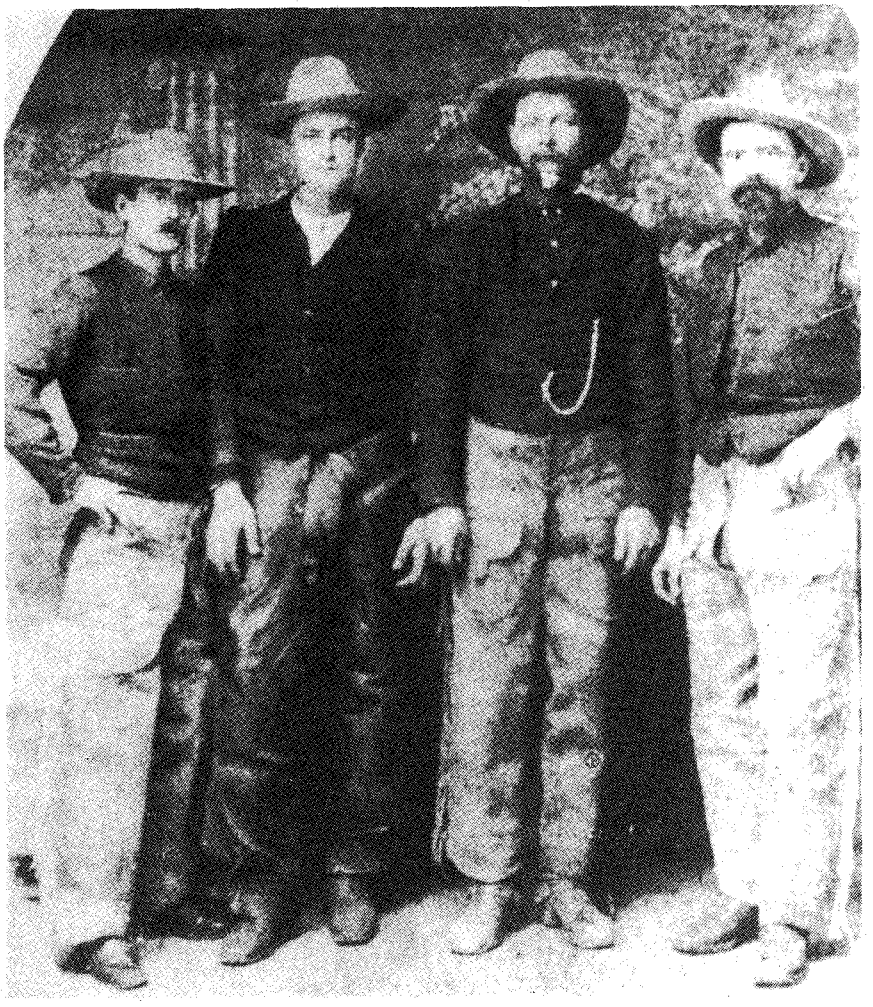
Four Generations of Texas Rangers. It is rare indeed when a family can claim several generations of law officers. The Allee family of Texas can do this starting with the Texas Rangers in the 1880s.

Gary P. Fitterer, 517 SE Andrew St., Issaquah, WA 98027, asks about Alfred Y. Allee, who was best known perhaps as the slayer of train robber Brack Cornett. Fitterer asks if he served as a ranger in Company D during the 1870s.

Allee served only as a special ranger in Company C under Captain George H. Schmitt. There is no record of him having served in any other company or that he served in the 1870s.

Allee became a successful rancher in Karnes County and later ranched and served as deputy sheriff in Frio County. He developed a considerable reputation as a tough fighting man. He was killed in a saloon fight in Laredo, Texas, on Aug. 19, 1896, by City Marshal Joe Barthelow.

Allee's brother served as sheriff of Goliad County and Alfred's son, Alonzo Young, served as a special ranger as well. He was killed in 1918 in a dispute over cattle. His son, Alfred Young Allee, was a deputy sheriff at Crystal City before serving as a ranger from 1931 to 1970. And his son, A. Y. Allee Jr., joined the rangers on Oct. 9, 1961.



John Hart, left, sheriff of Karnes County, Texas, with three others identified as Miller, Buck Harris and Alfred Allee. Probably made in late 1870s.

Death at the Alamo. With the approaching 150th anniversary of the fall of the Alamo, it seems like questions on the Alamo are coming in increasing numbers. One, from Joseph K. Pollock Jr., Box 284, Wilton, NH 03086, asks what General Santa Anna's casualties were and who was the messenger who left the Alamo seeking reinforcements, found none but returned.

Estimates of Santa Anna's losses range from less than 200 to more than 2,000. Most Texan sources claimed a thousand killed and wounded. Reuben M. Potter, a contemporary familiar with the armies, estimated 600. Dr. Joseph H. Barnard, a Texas physician who was captured and sent to San Antonio to tend the Mexican wounded learned that some 400 were wounded and perhaps 200 killed. There were no more than 1,800 in the assault so the Mexican army suffered a casualty rate of 33 per cent, a very high price considering that 183 Alamo defenders were killed.

The Alamo messenger was James Butler Bonham (1807-1836). He could have remained in his law practice but chose to join Travis in the fight for Texas independence.

Twice Bonham was sent from the Alamo to seek reinforcements, first to Fannin, who would not send aid, and later to Goliad and Gonzales. He returned both times empty handed. Choosing to die in the Alamo's defense, Bonham was killed with the others on March 6, 1836. The town of Bonham in Fannin County is named in his honor.

James Gang Traitor. Wendell Liddle of 627 Rock, Peru, IL 61354, asks about Dick Little, henchman of Jesse-James. Liddle notes that the TRUE WEST Index spells Little's name as Little, Liddel, Liddell, Liddil, Liddill and Liddle.

It was properly spelled "Liddil." This is the spelling in contemporary news accounts and the one used by most authoritative writers. Much of what we know about the James gang after the Northfield, Minnesota, bank raid is learned from his confession.

Liddil was a poor excuse for a gang member. He claimed to have become

(continued on page 38)

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For a Rootin' Tootin' Hootin' OLD WEST

By CYNTHIA SCANLON

THE bar or saloon was a focus in western history. Most every town had one, often more than one, and in many cases they were among the more important buildings. Certainly among the most frequented.

In these places, the miners, trappers, traders and locals drank, exchanged information, made deals, made friends, gambled, fraternized and sometimes killed each other.

One thing for sure, the saloon seldom lacked for action, spirit or activity. Many of the Old West saloons developed reputations as being rough and tough. Others perpetuated an image of having the best or being the best at something whether it was the alcohol or the entertainment.

Many saloons got their names either from incidents that occurred (as in the case of the Bucket of Blood Saloon) or from the design and style of the saloon (as in the case of the Crystal Palace). A few saloons were grandly designed from the swinging front doors to the hand-carved bars. Others were simply shacks or adobe where alcohol and sometimes violence were served.

DURING Colonial times, "tavern" and "ordinary" were the names used to signify the places where one could get a drink.

Examples in Williamsburg, Virginia, include Jean Marot's Ordinary which opened in 1708. While Marot's place was popular, he was indicted twice for selling liquor at a price higher than the law allowed.

Another place was Burdette's Ordinary. Although Burdette's had pool tables and sleeping rooms, it was mainly for drinking and gambling. Probably the best-known of Williamsburg's saloons was the Raleigh Tavern. It was the social center for aristocracy and businessmen. It is reported that Washington ate and drank there, but he didn't stay over night because he considered it too noisy.

An early western saloon was built where Wyoming, Colorado and Utah meet in a canyon-rimmed valley called Brown's Hole (or Brown's Park).

The saloon was started by a trapper named Brown. The place had a wild reputation and the patrons — usually trappers and hunters, were there to get drunk, talk to old friends and fight.

Typical Old West town scene dominated by saloons.

Courtesy Calvin Delaplain, Kansas City, Missouri

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Time Let's go Visit Some SALOONS

They also gambled and traded furs for supplies.

The settlement around Brown's Hole was one of the largest in the mountain man's West and could provide for up to 5,000 trappers and traders. Brown's Hole prospered until 1840 when beaver grew scarce and the beaver hat went our of style.

In Leadville, Colorado, "Pap" Wyman's Saloon was the favorite hang-out for most miners from a hundred or more miles around. While it was a place for miners to drink and it had a dance hall, the main business was gambling.

Pap was a man of high moral caliber. Married men and fathers were not allowed to gamble at his tables and drunks would not be served at his bar. Pap also took good care of his show girls. They were allowed to sit on a miner's lap, but the miner's hands were to stay within eyesight at all times.

Near the entrance, Pap erected a pulpit where he displayed a Bible. Pap was said to have started as a preacher. According to Pap, his saloon made $50,000 a year, a big sum in those days.

The Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, Colorado, was best known for its huge bar. It was made of veined marble and topped with dark wood. The interior decor provided an aura of elegance.

Tortoni's, also in Denver, sported two bars that faced each other.

Hand-sculpted bars from oak, walnut or mahogany were most widely sought. The bar most desired was the Brunswick-Balke-Callander Bar made by Brunswick Co. of Chicago. They used only imported Circassian walnut.

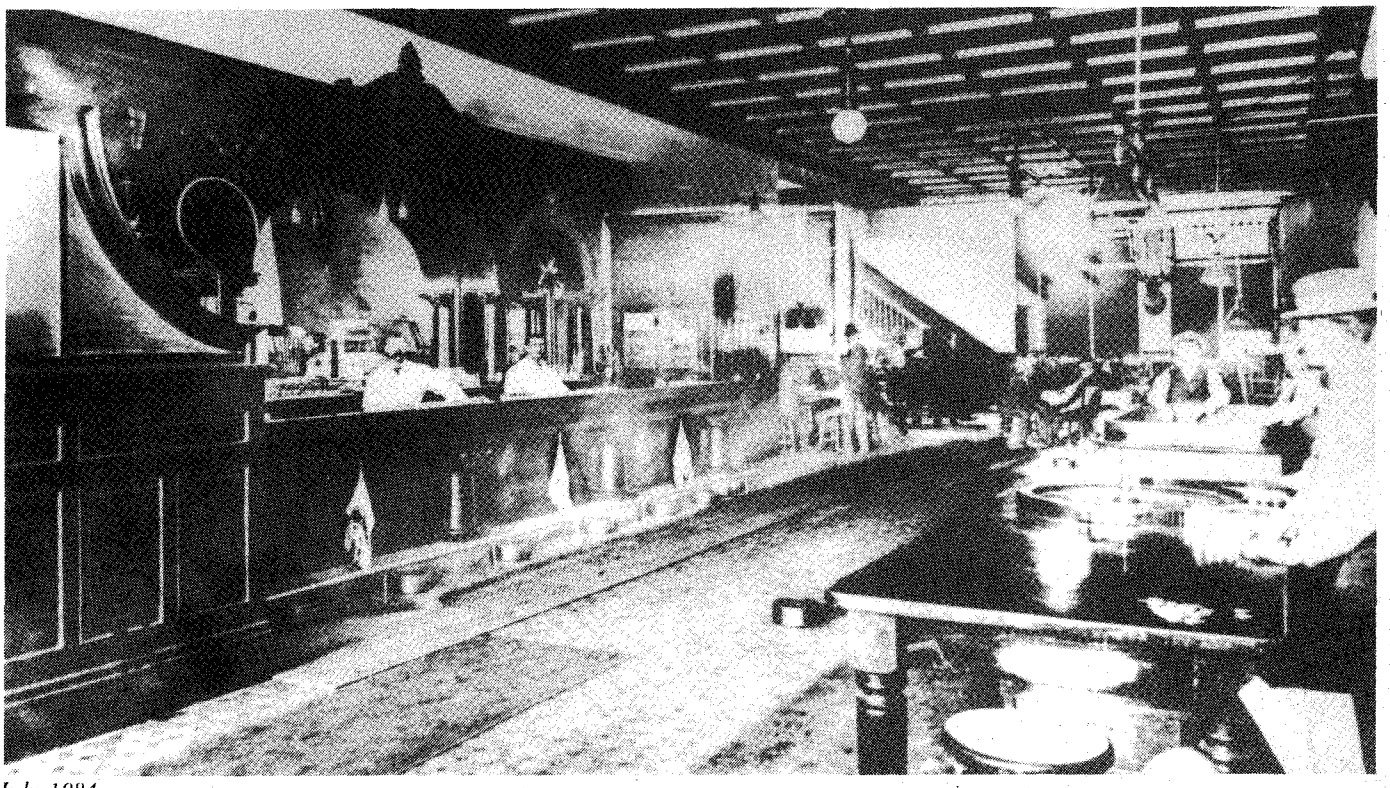
Wall murals and paintings were also popular. In Center City, Colorado, the Teller House was covered with wall murals of gods and goddesses. These were always done in good taste so as not to offend some of the prim and proper cattlemen and locals.

St. George Stanley, an itinerant English artist, painted most of the murals in the Teller House in exchange for room, board and all the booze he wanted. On the floor of the Teller House a woman's face was painted.

"Face on the Barroom Floor" became one of the most famous and most copied pieces of artwork in saloon history. Painted by Herndon Davis, the face was said to be a likeness of the sculptress Challis Walker. The painting can be seen on hundreds of saloon floors even today.

Ornate interior of a saloon in old Prescott, Arizona.

Courtesy Arizona State University Library



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PROBABLY the most renowned saloon in the Old West was the Bucket of Blood in Holbrook, Arizona. It was the local hangout of many gunslingers and rowdy cowboys. Before law was established, it was estimated that at least two dozen killings occurred there.

The Bucket of Blood got its name from an incident at a poker game. A Mexican player thought one of the other players was cheating and hit him over the head with his gun. Shooting started and when the dust cleared, two men lay dead on the floor.

When the bodies were removed, one of the bystanders commented that there must have been a bucket of blood under them. And from that day forward, the name stuck.

Bawdy theater shows and show girls became popular drawing cards in many saloons. Tombstone's Bird Cage Theatre featured belly dancers and show girls who stripped off everything but underwear.

One night the manager thought the crowd might go for men dressed as women dancers. The Bird Cage was probably one of the first saloons in western history to have male dancers in drag. They dressed in tights and women's garments and came out on stage gesturing wildly.

But the manager was wrong. The crowd didn't care at all for the men dressed as women. The crowd was outraged so they lassoed the manager from the stage, brought him to the floor and beat him up.

MANY saloons tried a variety of tricks to get and keep customers. Cripple Creek's Cabinet Saloon hired a fortune teller who supposedly could locate wealthy mines with her crystal ball. While she attempted to see into the future and locate the mines, the miners would belly up to the bar and drink awhile. Apparently it helped business.

The owner of the Alamo Saloon in Abilene, Kansas, proved that he really cared about his customers by installing a boardwalk from the back of the saloon to the bordello across the street so his patrons wouldn't get muddy when they went from one to the other.

The boardwalk was wooden, held up with wooden posts. Both were frequently replaced because cowboys would carve their initials or initials of their sweethearts in the wood.

Tombstone's Crystal Palace, a most famous saloon, is one of the few Old West saloons still in existence today.

The Crystal Palace was opened on May 20, 1881, by James Vogan. He originally called it the Eagle Brewery. The Crystal Palace boasted of having the finest bar outside of San Francisco. It had mirrors, carved wood and imported crystal stemware was used which is how it got its name.

Across the street in Tombstone was the Oriental Saloon owned by M.E. Joyce. It was supposedly a better class of bar and the place the rich most frequented. It was also a favorite hangout of the Earps and Doc Holiday.

Wyatt Earp owned the gambling concession where he dealt Faro. The Oriental was located at Fifth and Allen streets. Across the street in the redlight district was the Crystal Palace.

Owners Joyce and Vogan didn't get along and usually were fighting when they met. Tombstone had two fires in 1881 and 1882 and the Oriental was gutted by both. The Crystal Palace was spared.

In 1886, the silver mines were flooded which ended most mining operations. In 1890, Joe and "Big" Minnie Bignon bought an interest in the Crystal Palace. Since the mining operations were curtailed, the Crystal Palace was hurting and so they decided to put on stage shows.

Minnie danced in these shows and was quite popular in tights despite the fact that she weighed 230 pounds. They were able to make the Crystal Palace profitable again. Since then, the Palace has passed through several owners.

THE list of well-known frontier saloons is endless. One would have to mention the Mint Saloon in Great Falls, Montana, where Charlie Russell gave away his artwork in exchange for drinks; the Longbranch Saloon in Dodge City, Kansas, where gunfighters congregated; Judge Roy Bean's Jersey Lilly in Langtry, Texas; Carl Mann's No. 10 Saloon in Deadwood, South Dakota, where Wild Bill Hickok was killed, and many others which achieved fame in the Old West.

These were places where much of the history of the Old West was made and where many who made the history of the West gathered for fellowship and drink. Though we remember the violence associated with such places, considering the span of time involved, shootouts and killings in frontier bars was infrequent.

Frontier saloons are the stuff of legend and song and their names are part of the fabric of western history. Because Prohibition ended the lives of most of these places, they did not survive until the present day, unlike many famous frontier hotels.

They now exist only in memory, memory of a more free-spirited time, of strong cigar smoke, spittoons, rotgut liquor and marked cards. Of a time when saloons were a basic part of America's move westward.

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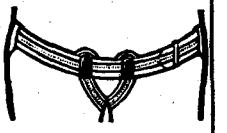

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THE SUNDANCE KID view from the family

By WILLIAM D. LONGABAUGH

Introduction: William David Longabaugh is the last of the Longabaughs directly descended from Josiah Longabaugh with the Longabaugh name. He and his wife, Dorothy, who live in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, have no sons. Josiah Longabaugh was the father of Harry Longabaugh, the famous western outlaw known as the Sundance Kid. William, or Bill, is Harry's great-nephew. He is the grandson of Harry's brother, Harvey Longabaugh.

Bill's father, William H. Longabaugh, only once admitted his uncle was an outlaw. He knew the whole story of the Sundance Kid but would tell no one and took the story to his grave when he died in 1976.

Other members of the Longabaugh family, including Paul Ernst, son of Harry and Florence Longabaugh Ernst, granddaughter of Harvey, have cooperated with researchers. Others in the family are convinced the story would best be left untold.

Bill is willing to correspond with anyone and he plans to attend the Sundance festival this summer in Sundance, Wyoming.

Briefly summarizing his great-uncle's career, Harry Longabaugh left his eastern Pennsylvania home as a teenager and headed west for adventure and to find work as a cowboy.

For many years he was a legitimate cowboy in several western states but by the late 1880s he fell in with bad company. He earned his outlaw sobriquet from having spent time in jail in Sundance, Wyoming. Eventually he joined Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch, a gang which staged several spectacular train and bank robberies in the late 1890s in the West. By 1901, Sundance and his consort Etta Place fled to South America where Cassidy joined them. For a few years they ranched peacefully but by about 1905 they became bandits in Argentina and Bolivia.

For years, accounts had it that Butch and Sundance were killed in a shootout with Bolivian cavalry in 1909. But recent researchers claim the two survived and returned to long lives under assumed names in the United States.

Here then is Bill Longabaugh's brief account inside the outlaw's family:

William Longabaugh, left, and Harry Longabaugh (the Sundance Kid).

It is with pride that my memories have come back to me ever since the autumn of 1976, when I first found out for sure that I was related to an outlaw and with greater pride that he was the most famous Sundance Kid.

It took a while to really sink in, and then I wasn't quite sure if I really wanted to know all the facts. Amazing things just fell into place; facts and family talk started to make sense.

Things came back to me that I heard discussed when I was seven to eight years old. During this period I lived, along with my mother, Rose, with my grandfather, Harvey Sylvester, and grandmother part time as he was ill. He really made a hit with me talking about Indians and outlaws and just letting me be a curious lad. In 1936, the year before he died, he and my grandmother came to live with us.

My grandfather had become a socialist just about the time Harry (Sundance) and his brother Elwood hit the trail for the West. Their two sisters, Emma and Samantha, were devout about their religion. So you can see why at this time the family sort of drifted apart, though they kept in touch because later on the family would reminisce about the departed ones.

Never can I recall my grandfather mentioning his brother, Harry, by the name of "Sundance Kid." Nor did my father, William Henry, mention his nickname. Everyone was called by his proper name. I was always told that my great uncles were like Jesse James, that they robbed banks, stage coaches and trains, never killed anyone and gave the money to the less fortunate.

This never made sense to me, but when I would try to pursue the facts, everyone would clam up and the subject would be dropped until a later date. This would usually happen when relatives would visit that we would not see too often and then it would be discussed again.

Someone would say that business must be bad for them as nothing has been said or written about them for a while. They usually would be discussing both Harry and Elwood, but Elwood had not lasted that long on the outlaw trail.

I have to believe that Sundance was still with us and in the eastern part of the United States around 1923. My mother who passed away in 1977 told me about six months before she died that at this time Harry came to see the family. I don't know whether she saw him or not.

Also at this time Harvey saw the light

(continued on page 39)

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First courthouse erected in Idaho, built in 1861-1862, was constructed in Pierce. Now preserved as an historical landmark, it is almost as sturdy as when it was built.

PIERCE, IDAHO EARLY GOLD TOWN FLOURISHING

By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY
Photos Courtesy The Author

IN 1861, Captain Pierce heard a story while at Walla Walla, Washington, of a great shining stone reported by the Indians as well as some white men. It was located to the east of Walla Walla about a hundred miles.

Captain Pierce was a sound thinker and he put the story down as a joke, especially when it was suggested the shinning stone might be a diamond in the rough. Still there was adventure in his blood and with no pressing chore on his hands he decided to investigate the story.

After several months, Pierce together with a band of men, in the face of opposition from Nez Perce Indians, reached the area of where the town of Pierce, Idaho, stands.

Upon reaching the spot where three creeks came together on a large flat to form a small river, the men could find no sign of the "shining stone." So the 30 or so men with Pierce took their gold pans and went exploring in the gravels along the creeks. Their labors were rewarded for in several places the creeks yielded "two bits" to a pan.

The gold rush was on and about two dozen of the original band prepared to stay all winter.

IN that high country they surmised there would be cold weather and deep snow, so they set about helping each other build shelters and cut wood while several of the group went to Lewiston, about 70 miles away for supplies. Though their find was supposed to be secret, by spring more than 2,000 men flocked to the new diggin's.

Another town called Oro Fino, sprang

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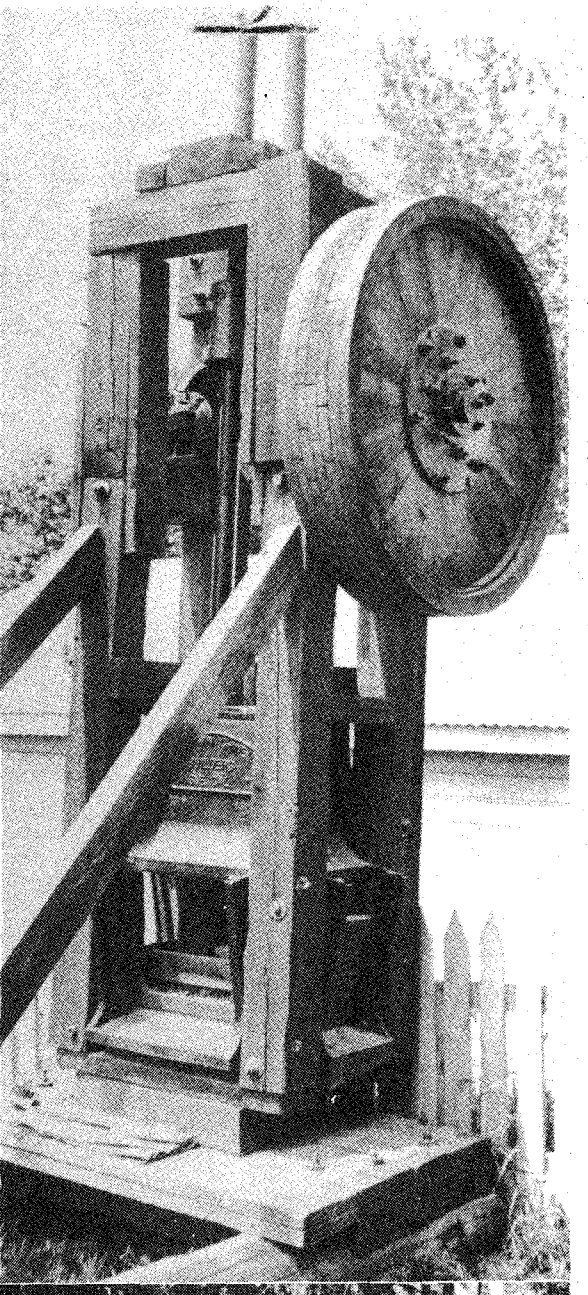

PIERCE, IDAHO

Clockwise from top, welcome sign; a one-ton stamp which was used in a hardrock operation near Pierce; sign near spot where five convicted murderers were hanged by vigilantes, and it was in this creek, Canal Gulch, that Idaho's first gold strike was made in 1860.

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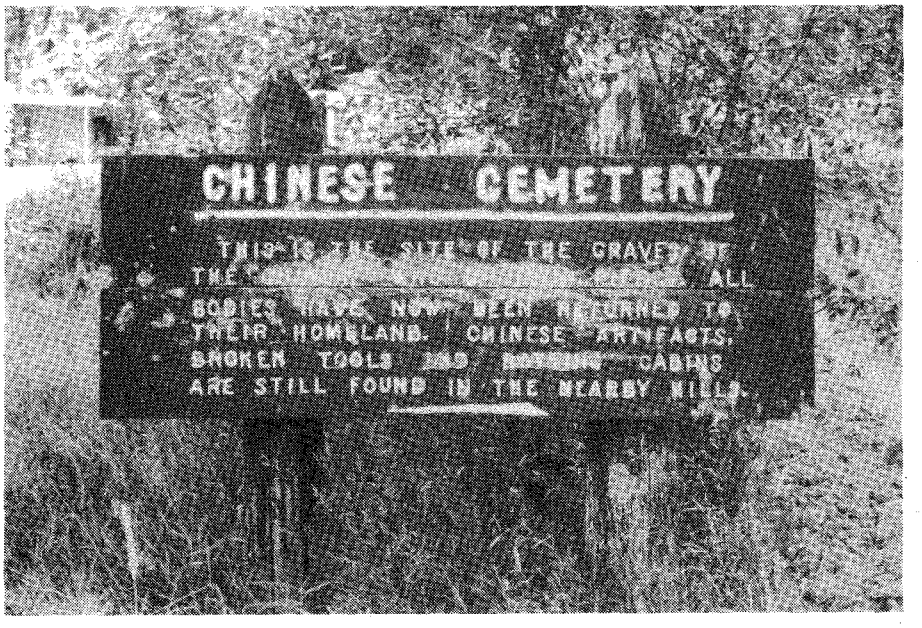

Five Chinese who were lynched were buried here for a time before their remains were returned to China.

up about a mile from Pierce, but there were no hard feelings between the towns. For some reason Pierce grew steadily while the other town lost ground and it wasn't long until the death knell sounded for Oro Fino. Some prospectors found gold on the site where the town stood and wanted to mine the ground. Those who were left hurriedly moved to Pierce.

MEANWHILE, Shoshone County officials decided Pierce was in the county and as it was the largest town in the territory it was made the county seat.

A Courthouse was built and the first trial in Idaho Territory was held there for seven Chinese charged with murdering D.M. Fraser, a prominent town merchant in 1885, in his store.

Since none spoke English, no confession was forthcoming. A white man who knew Chinese was disguised as an Indian and was put in jail to overhear the suspects. Listening to their talk he determined the guilt of the seven, but they still did not confess.

Finally after something of a trial two of the seven were released. The sheriff in desperation decided on a mock hanging for the others.

A tree at the end of Main street served as a scaffold. A rope with a hangmans' knot was tied on a limb and each of the five were led to the tree. Still no confession was extracted from four who were forced to lay down by the tree. However, the fifth man started talking and implicated all five.

The Chinese laborers were taken back to jail. In the morning they were to be taken to another town. The reason for this is not clear. Several heavily armed men, using a hay rack with the Chinese laborers tied in it started down the trail to Lewiston.

But when they were about five miles from Pierce they were stopped by a band of masked vigilantes and the prisoners were hanged on the spot. No action against the vigilantes was taken.

THE town managed to survive the lean years after gold became scarce, but there was enough left so a few could make a living and several small logging and saw milling operations began to grow.

Today the town has a population of 1,218 and is enjoying a boom from an expanded lumber and plywood operation a few miles away.

Although a lot of gold was taken from the creek-beds around Pierce, modern mining methods are making it possible to take more gold from the old diggin's. Also some new ground-bearing gold has been found.

To visit the town that raw gold founded, take Highway 12 to Greer, a small Community seven miles south of Orofino, cross the bridge over the Clearwater River and take Highway 11 east about 30 miles to Pierce.

Roads are paved and in excellent condition and if you have a camper and want to stay a spell, there are several excellent campgrounds nearby, plus several motels in town.

Answer Man

(continued from page 31)

acquainted with the James brothers in 1870 but did not join the gang until September 1880.

On July 15, 1881, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was robbed at Winston Station in Daviess County, Missouri. Frank and Jesse James, Clarence and Wood Hite and Liddil were the robbers. Conductor Westfall and passenger Frank McMillan were killed. The loot amounted to only $130 for each of the robbers.

Doolin Gang Lookout. Speaking of Liddil or Little, there was another outlaw named Little: Little Dick West who rode with the Doolin and Jennings gangs in Oklahoma. L. H. West, 12 A Jefferson, Benton, AR 72015, writes asking about Little Dick.

West was born about 1866 and does not appear on record until his teen years when working in restaurants around Decatur, Texas. He spent the next several years working as a cowboy for Oscar D. Halsell in Oklahoma.

Perhaps his first criminal act was the robbery of the bank in Southwest City, Arkansas, on May 10, 1894, with Doolin and other gang members. Over the next several years West was in Oklahoma and New Mexico. He joined the Jennings gang after Doolin was killed and West was killed in a shootout with a posse on April 7, 1898.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations do not permit us to publish all questions.

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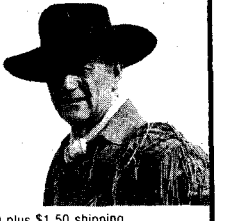

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Jesse James' Double

(continued from page 17)

the manner so well known. In the possession of the dead man was found the watch of Judge Rountree and the diamond ring belonging to his daughter.

THEN everyone noticed the striking resemblance between Hunt and James. Finding the property in James' possession proved to the people of Glasgow that a mistake had been made. Upon examination of Jesse James' body, "many commenting on his appearance, said he looked like a doctor, for at this time it was a common practice for doctors to wear trimmed beards." A petition was at once forwarded to Governor L. P. Blackburn asking him to grant Hunt a pardon.

After being in jail for 18 months for a crime committed by another, Hunt was finally pardoned. Ex-Governor P. H. Leslie, then circuit judge of the Glasgow district, issued the order dismissing the case against him.

Three other times Hunt was arrested because of his double's crimes, but each time was turned loose after explanation had been made.

Just a Line More

(continued from page 7)

Old West out in front.

You can help us, each one of you, if you will. We need to hear from you and let us know what you think, what you want us to do to the magazines—what kind of ads you want to read—what kind of stories, pictures, etc. We need to get another survey of you readers and the kind of folks you are and what your pleasures and living habits are, and that survey form will be printed in one of the future issues. We need to get a good return on that.

Those who have already written or called have been very kind and encouraging. We would like to hear from all of you.

We got the nicest note from Jackie Morgan of Shreveport, Louisiana. She writes:

"Dear Mr. Evans. Congratulations on the purchase of Western Publications. I'm so glad **True West** will stay on the news stands. Although I subscribed because I thought it wouldn't be available any other way, I prefer to buy one or two magazines regularly on the news stands—it just makes a little 'reward' to bring home with the family shopping. After many years concentrating on other parts of my life, I'm going back into art and your true western stories and photos of the 'way things were', are fine inspiration and serve as research—or taking off point for it anyway. I rode in rodeos with many 'reel' cowboys and have been a fan of both the authentic west and the Hollywood version all my life. The most absolute melding of the two, of course, was 'Rawhide,' the TV series on cattle drive which won authenticity for depicting the real west awards twice from the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. Thanks and the Best To You."

When we get letters like that, it makes me feel good about what Yvonne and I have done in taking on such a challenge. I think it was the right thing for us to do, and like Mama used to say, "Bobby, don't be scared to do whatever you gotta do."

—Bob Evans
Publisher

The Sundance Kid

(continued on page 35)

and gave up his socialist ways that my mothersaid were very strong and also my father and mother bought a parcel of land in Ardsley, Pennsylvania, on which they built a home and where in 1929 I was born.

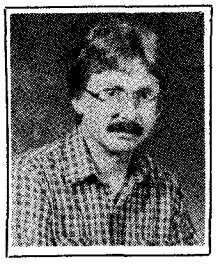
So all of these things happened about the same time. I have no written facts to prove this. If only at the time I had known the truth about Sundance, I would have asked more questions.

I have visited the town, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, and have seen the houses where Harry was raised. He lived with his sister, Samantha, and worked for his husband before he headed west. The graveyard contains Harry's parents, along with his sisters, Emma and Samantha, and her family. Where Harry's remains lie are unknown to me.

A relative on Samantha's side of the family living in Pennsylvania has facts, dates, and more information on this side of the family but he will not release or tell or show anyone what he has. He is ashamed of the family connection and doesn't want his offspring to know about the family's past. This is sad as with these further facts history might be relived and retold.

I consider Harry, the Sundance Kid, as family and understand why things were as they occurred in his time.

Shop Talk



When Bob Evans, our publisher, first approached me on doing an in-house column to do with advertising, special issue themes, and all the rest that goes on "in the house," I wasn't really sure what to think.

But as I've been sittin' here thinkin', I decided you might like a regular peek inside the operations of this magazine and it will give me a chance to talk about our advertisers, something I like to do as ad manager.

We've advertised some pretty fine products over the years and thanks to the response from you, our readers, many of these folks keep coming back year after year. Advertisers tell us just as our readers are among the most loyal in the magazine business, so are they loyal to our advertisers.

As you know, magazines need advertising to help pay the bills. Without it, we would have to close the doors. Especially with today's high costs, magazines can no longer make it just on circulation revenue alone.

Fortunately, we continue to attract new products to every issue of TRUE WEST and the readers in growing numbers are responding to the ads. That's why our ad volume keeps growing.

We believe in the integrity of our advertisers. When ordering any products on these pages you can do so with confidence. If you should ever have a problem, write or call me immediately. The sooner the better. But I can assure you I won't allow any thieves, fakers or bunko artists in the magazine—you can count on it.

So go ahead and order and even write 'em a letter asking for more information. The advertisers will be glad to hear from you. When you do write or call them, tell them TRUE WEST sent you. That will help us too.

Now I'd like to tell you about a good advertiser of ours, Frank Greene. Frank is president of Precision Screw Machine Co. of Chicago, and has been on the outside back cover for the past several months.

As you can see, he is not your typical

(continued on page 53)

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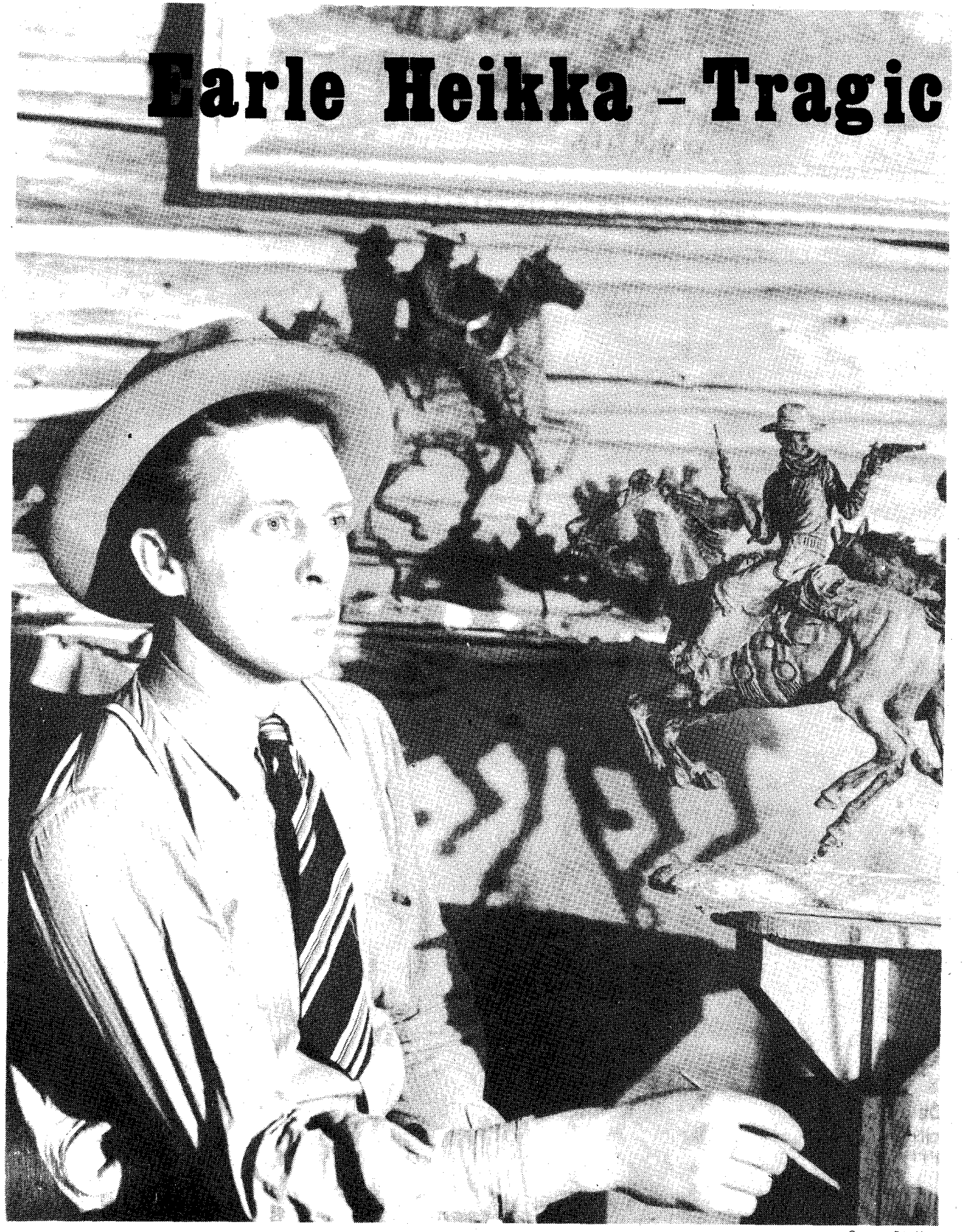
Earle Heikka – Tragic



Courtesy Erin Hoy

Earle E. Heikka, photo taken at his studio home in Great Falls, Montana, in 1940-1941 by E. H. Hoy.

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Genius of Western Art

By KATHE MCGEHEE

THAT he had artistic genius is well documented. Each of the more than 200 clay models he left behind attest to that. Cowboys and their knarled mounts, outlaws, muleskinners and their over-muscled teams, miners, hunters, road agents — all came to life in clay in the talented hands of Earle E. Heikka.

Beyond the work, however, is a mystery and the tragedy of a tormented, stuttering youth who took his own life after just 30 years at a time when the world was applauding his genius.

His started out to be a happy life. He was born in the tiny town of Belt, Montana, near Great Falls in 1910. He was youngest of six children of Finnish immigrants. His father, William, was a hard-working man who plied many trades. At the time of Earle's birth, he owned a half-interest in a saloon.

Those who knew William Heikka recalled that he liked a drink and a game of cards as well as any of the cowboys who frequented his establishment. Yet Heikka was very much a family man who wanted his children to be well-educated, able to play music and to have "the best of everything."

Earle may have had his first exposure to cowboys and outlaws at his father's saloon. It was, however, a brief acquaintance. The Heikka family moved to Great Falls when Earle was four and the following year his father died, at the age of 43, leaving his family destitute.

One of Earle's older sisters, Ester, who was 14 years his senior, was married to a railroad man who ran the line between Billings and Laurel in southeastern Montana. Shortly after his father's death Earle was sent to her to live among her five sons.

Soon after he started school in the Billings area, his stuttering began to grow worse. Tortured by classmates and corrected by teachers, Earle began to "make figures" for solace. He pulled "Laurel gumbo," a silt, from the rivers and turned it into an endless army of small figures. Rabbits and horses, soldiers and cowboys took shape in his hands.

His sister recalled that frequently the figures didn't meet Heikka's emerging standards of perfection and were smashed by the young artist, only to be retrieved, stuck together and traded among his playmates.

EARLE returned to Great Falls to live with his mother and her second husband about 1926 or 1927. He attended school and made it through tenth grade with difficulty caused by his speech impediment. His clay "modeling" was his greatest interest and he managed to sell several. "Rummy" Rumford, owner of a Great Falls taxidermy shop hired Heikka to assist in mounting the trophy animals hunters brought in.

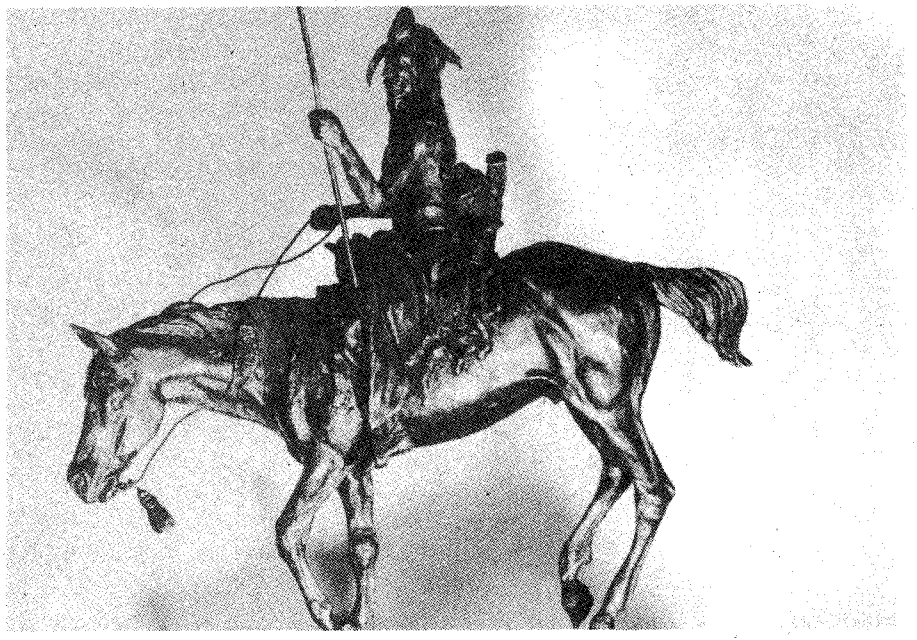
Although Charles M. Russell maintained his studio in Great Falls until his death in 1926, it is unknown if Heikka was ever influenced or taught by the older artist. Heikka admired Russell's work but he was in Billings most of his youth, returning to Great Falls at age 16 or 17, about the time of Russell's death.

Heikka's ability to sculpt was an inherent talent which was sharpened by his exposure to ranch hands and cowboys who frequented Great Falls during slack work seasons, by the animals which he dissected while working in the taxidermy shop and by the animals he saw while hunting or fishing or guiding tourists in Glacier Park. Apparently, his sharp eyes and senses missed nothing, for his models were a surprisingly accurate record of that colorful time and place.

IN 1929, Heikka sent one of his models as a gift to film star Gary Cooper. That gift brought an invitation to spend the summer on Cooper's ranch, south of Great Falls in Wolf Creek Canyon near Craig. Heikka accepted and while there created a series of models of the ranch hands.

Later that year, Heikka's work came to the attention of William Andrew Clark the Third, heir to a large copper fortune. Clark, a prominent art collector, was so impressed by Heikka's work that he commissioned several pieces and arranged the artist's first major exhibit which was held in the Stendahl Galleries in Los Angeles in 1930.

In 1933, Marshall Field Co. invited Heikka to exhibit at the Chicago World



Courtesy C. M. Russell Museum

"Piegan Scout" is the name of the Heikka bronze.

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Fair. Following the exhibit, Heikka was invited to stay on and to work from a studio in the Marshall Field store. Heikka declined and returned to Montana.

Yet his career in art seemed secure. In 1934, he married Virginia Middleton of Brady, Montana. In quick succession there were four children and a new log home and studio, just south of Great Falls.

Although he was in his early twenties, Heikka's clay models were eagerly sought by prominent art collectors. Painted to resemble metal, or in bright colors, with wood, wire, leather or metal details, his models were so perfectly proportioned and accurate in detail that they presented an historical record of western lifestyle of his day.

Beyond the accuracy was a grace of line and form and an emotional appeal that lifted his works above historical and placed them firmly in the world of fine art.

IN 1938, Con Kelly, who had been president and chairman of the board of the Anaconda Copper Co. commissioned Heikka to create a series of models depicting Butte miners. From this commission came Heikka's masterpiece which he termed "his biggest and best" to date.

"The Quartz Team," which portrays a team of six horses struggling up an incline with a loaded ore wagon, measures 22 inches across and nearly six feet in length. The team is made from clay taken from the bricks of Butte; the wagon, accurate in every proportion, is built of wood and fitted with pick and shovel, chains and other appropriate hardware.

Heikka's last exhibit was at the World's Fair in San Francisco in 1939. As his list of collectors grew and the commissions mounted, Heikka worked late into the night in his little studio. He more and more frequented Great Falls' saloons. His brother and best friend, Mike, died.

IN May, 1941, Heikka's restlessness and irritability could no longer be ignored. He had taken to carrying a rifle in his car and, on at least one occasion, was disarmed by a neighbor, Walter Tynes. Afraid, Heikka's wife took her four children and moved to her father's home near the Heikka's own log home.

On a Sunday morning, May 10, 1941, Heikka's brother-in-law, Gordon Middleton, summoned the sheriff to the Middleton home. He had heard a car drive up and sought help in restraining Heikka who, Middleton thought, might be on a rampage.

Deputy Sheriff Charles Judge responded to the call at about 5:50 a.m. He found the car in the driveway and inside, Earle E. Heikka's body. The rifle with which he had shot himself through the heart was on the seat beside the body.

All of the many models Heikka made in his brief life were done in clay and had been sold or passed to his friends. Shortly after his death, his widow destroyed the works which remained in the studio. For a time, Heikka was forgotten by all but a few collectors lucky enough to own one of his works or to have seen them.

THEN in the late 1960s, when western art and particularly bronzes enjoyed a resurgence of popularity, a few of Heikka's works were cast in bronze and issued in limited editions.

In 1977, one of Heikka's children, Michael, filed a lawsuit to stop the casting of his father's works and to have the profits from castings already done turned over to the family. That claim was settled out of court.

Today, many of Heikka's works have been "rediscovered" and cast in bronze. In private and museum collections such as that of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City and the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Heikka's sculptures are preserved to be enjoyed by many.

The inner torment that drove Heikka to suicide remains a mystery. Yet within his brief life, Heikka created visible shapes of his vanished western world which remain a standard of excellence for collectors and aspiring sculptors.

Where a longer life might have led him and what masterpieces he might have left behind can only be guessed.

At left, Heikka's original clay model for "The Vigilante." His more than 200 clay models attest to the genius of the Montana artist.

Courtesy C. M. Russell Museum

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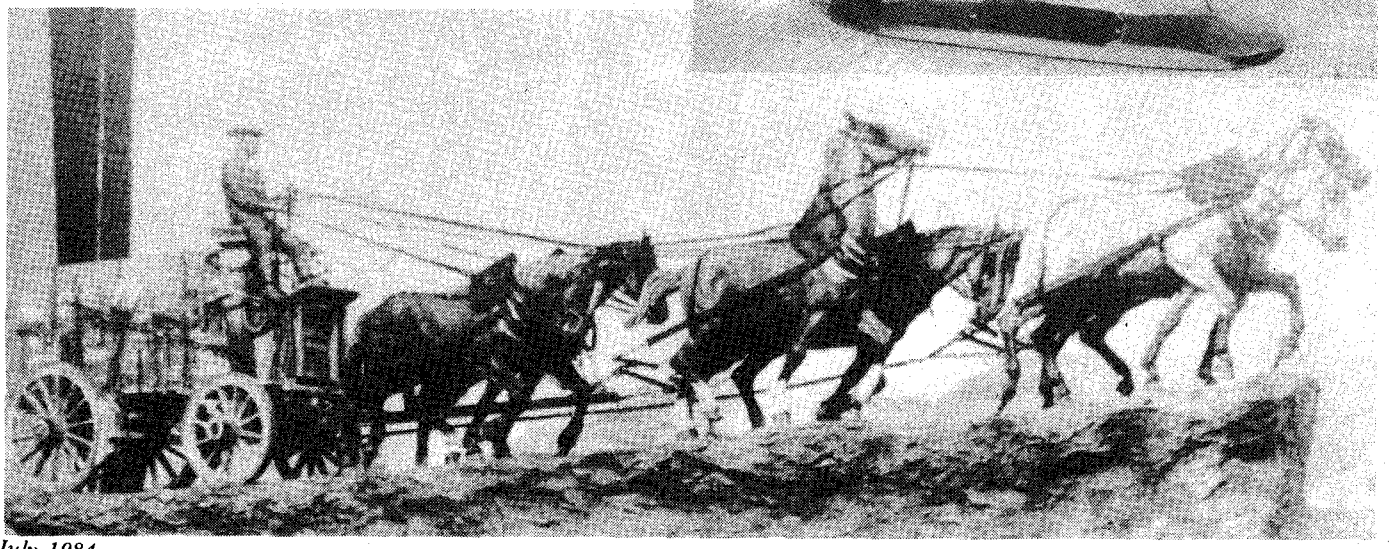
EARL HEIKKA'S SCULPTURES

Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson, Kalispell, Montana

Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson, Kalispell, Montana

Above is Heikka's "Sunfishin;" at right is 1940 sculpture, "the Day of the Slow Guns," and below is "The Quartz Team," a 1938 work.

Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson, Kalispell, Montana



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How to be a "Man" in Frontier Arizona

The Amazing Career of Cowboy Mollie

By Matt Dodge

ON a raw afternoon in late March 1863, Mary Elizabeth Sanger disappeared from her home and the peaceful New England countryside she loved.

Cash from a dowry left by her maternal grandmother was sewn in the lining of her jacket. Dressed in shirt, jacket, pants and boots, with the vest underneath laced tightly across her shapely breasts, she resembled a young man of average height. And, with auburn curls pushed up under one of her father's discarded hats, the transformation to "Sam Brewster" was perfect.

She arrived in Santa Fe in early summer and quickly confirmed her fears that George Mobley, her fiance, was a murder victim.

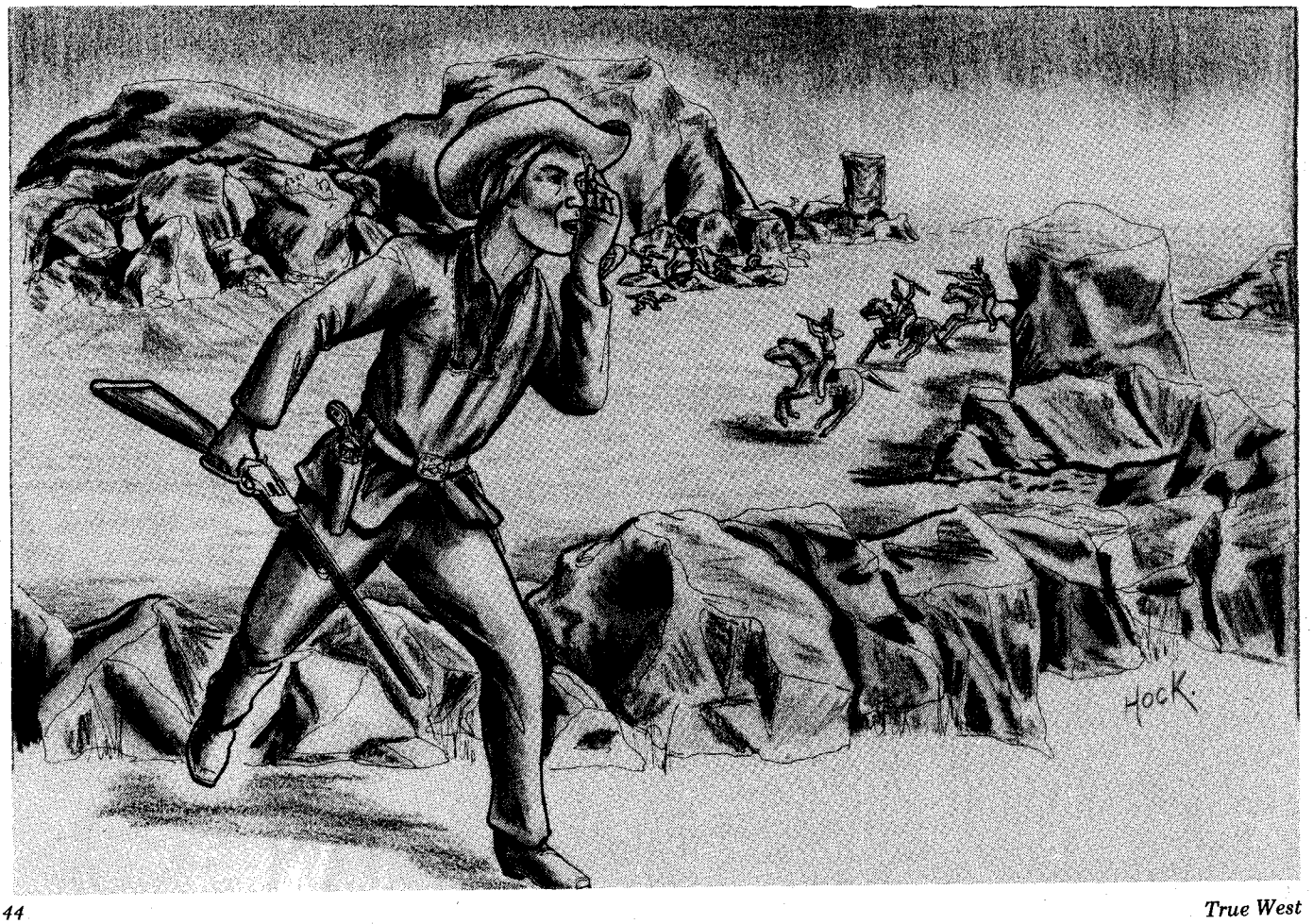
The previous March, she and George had agreed to marry. The engagement was to last one year, when Mary would be 17 and George, 21. Meanwhile, George was to undertake a scouting expedition "out west."

Mary received three letters from George. Then they stopped coming.

In Santa Fe, Mary swore vengeance on the killers and vowed to track them down. She acquired a buckskin suit, two heavy pistols and a Bowie knife. With nothing but horse, bedroll, and saddlebag, she tried to pick up a cold trail.

She reckoned that fortune hunters were likely to seek out the mining camps of New Mexico, Arizona, California and Nevada. She rode trails into rough, dangerous places, always accepted as a man.

Mary was a good marksman. She rode, walked, swore, and gambled like a man. When in need of money, she would



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find a poker game. If her luck was poor, she worked as a cook, wrangler, scout or wagon driver.

Her travels took her as far north as Salt Lake City, braving sections of the country that rugged males considered dangerous. Unfortunately, the cross country search proved fruitless. She returned to Leavenworth, Kansas, a heartbroken and dissipated young woman.

There, she assumed a woman's identity — Mollie Sanger — and married a brevet lieutenant in the army. In 1865, he was transferred to Fort Whipple near Prescott, Arizona. Mollie went with him.

This lieutenant's wife was a charming, vivacious, well-educated woman who was quickly recognized as a leader among her sex in Arizona Territory.

Eventually, her husband was transferred to another post, but Mollie preferred to remain in Prescott. She blamed herself for failing to accomplish her one aim in life — track down her fiance's killer and avenge his death.

Mollie discarded the ruffles, bows, and silk dresses and launched a new life. Her rough, wild, mannish ways soon earned her the sobriquet "Cowboy Mollie." She was arrested several times for wearing male clothing in the city of Prescott. No matter, she continued the custom. Mollie was seen on the streets of Prescott only once in seven years attired in women's clothing.

She earned the reputation locally of being the "girl cowboy who could ride anything with four feet, chew more tobacco, and cuss harder than most Arizona men."

When Mollie was not riding in a roundup, or prospecting in some remote gulch, she offered aid to anyone in need. Her charity and benevolence became renowned in Bradshaw Mountain country. She would ride miles to nurse a miner who lay ill with fever and her home was always open to anyone who needed bed and board. Mollie was, indeed, "the big-hearted cowboy."

In a span of less than ten years, she married several men and was common-law wife and companion to others.

Frenchy Sawyer was one of the first Arizona men in her life. The couple appeared in a Wickenburg mining camp in 1865. Side by side, Mollie and Frenchy looked for gold, battled Indians, gambled and drank. They located a small claim that had potential, sold it, and squandered the profits in local saloons.

Mollie and Frenchy shared adventure. Once, they were in a scouting party seeking renegade Tonto Apaches who had been raiding and rustling stock. As the group slowly moved through rugged canyon country, Mollie and Tex Johnson lagged behind, gathering mescal, a key ingredient in a potent Indian beer. Suddenly, they heard gunshots, mounted quickly and spurred their horses toward the action.

Prescott, Arizona's main street in the early 1870s when Cowboy Mollie was a familiar figure there.

Within five minutes they reached the trouble scene. Mollie lept from her horse, pulled the rifle from the scabbard, and yelled for Johnson to swing south, hide in the rocks and wait for her signal. She crept to the top of a rise and could see her party engaged in a furious battle with the Apache raiders. Two men were sprawled on the ground. The others were trapped in a small valley.

Mollie began firing, shooting and running from rock to rock and bush to bush. Fearlessly exposing herself at the top of the ridge, she waved to Johnson who imitated her shoot-and-run tactics. Mollie and Tex maintained a deadly crossfire, forcing the Apaches to light out for safety.

Escapades like this made Cowboy Mollie a living legend. Frenchy Sawyer faded into the background.

Molly decided she liked Joe Fuggit better. According to an 1867 report in the Arizona Miner at Prescott: "Joe and Mollie went to La Paz, got married, and are back in Wickenburg enjoying their honeymoon."

The romance was brief for Joe. Mollie treated marriage casually. In less than a year, George Monroe captured her fancy.

Monroe, a wiry, rugged native of Indiana, left home long before steel rails crossed the continent. He settled in central Arizona's mountain country to seek his fortune.

In 1868, George and Mollie, by mutual agreement, assumed a husband-wife relationship, a situation common in the early days of Arizona Territory. They decided to plant roots in Wickenburg.

At that time, the town consisted of several Mexican shacks built of poles and bear grass, an adobe store, Peeple's Saloon, stage company buildings and a post office.

The Wickenburg census in 1870 lists Mollie as Monroe's common-law wife and her occupation as "cook."

Shortly after teaming up, George, Mollie and a friend were prospecting in the Bradshaws when they encountered a hot springs about 60 miles south of Prescott.

They named their discovery "Monroe Springs," quickly built a thatched wickieup, and returned to Prescott to claim 640 acres including the springs. How-

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The Arizona State Insane Asylum in Phoenix shortly after its completion in July 1886. Cowboy Mollie was an early patient arriving in June 1887. She died here in November 1902.

ever, ranching wasn't for them. The couple never lived on the property. In 1877, others jumped the claim and held it by right of possession.

After letting their claim to the spring go, George and Mollie Monroe busied themselves with mining activities. In 1871, George was a key figure in one of Arizona's most publicized pioneer tragedies, the Loring or Wickenburg Massacre.

On Nov. 6, 1871, a party of mounted men disguised as Apache warriors, attacked a stagecoach as it passed through a canyon on La Paz Road soon after leaving Wickenburg.

The Prescott Journal-Miner reported on Nov. 11, that "five men...messers Loring, Shoholm, Lanz, Hamel, and Salmon, lay side by side, rigid in death, and drenched in blood. The unavenged acts of a murder are as dark and damnable as ever stained the hands of an assassin."

The news of the disaster reached Wickenburg shortly after midnight on Nov. 7. The newspaper reported that "two citizen groups started for the scene, one to retrieve the dead bodies, and the other, under the command of George Monroe, to take the trail of the murderers."

There is no question that George and Mollie Monroe lived in a turbulent society. However, luck was with them and they prospered along the Hassayampa's banks.

On March 23, 1872, the Journal-Miner noted: "The 'boys' were out last week prospecting. George Monroe, Mollie, Joe Fuggit, Wm. Gellaspie, and Tom Graves struck a galena lode and styled it the 'Knock Down.'"

That strike proved worthwhile. Two years later the Journal-Miner reported, "George Monroe has returned to his mine near Wickenburg with tools and supplies for six months. After a run of six weeks, he cleaned up and brought in $1,600 in gold bullion which he considers pretty good work for an arrastra."

During these busy years, the Monroes opened a saloon and gambling house in Wickenburg. Their friends included wealthy and prominent ranchers, miners and politicians.

Cowboy Mollie's outlandish garb now became a trademark of their enterprises. Her well-cut buckskins sported fringes, buckles, and beads. She wore a broad-brimmed white hat, and her auburn curls cascaded over her shoulders. No more black cigars and chewing tobacco for Mollie who now favored a more genteel meerschaum pipe. She continued to pack a pair of heavy pistols and was never seen without her rifle.

Refined ladies of the community disapproved of her manly ways and attire. Once, she made the mistake of knocking on a Mrs. Sander's door to request a donation for one of her pet charities. Mrs. Sanders let her in, then had second thoughts as she scowled at this brazen woman's male garb.

"You git out right now," she insisted. "The very idea, no decent woman wears men's clothes."

"But — I-I'm a miner," Mollie protested. "You can't be decent in women's clothes and do what I do."

While George tended to business, Mollie ministered to everyone. She earned love and respect for her kindness and generosity and was fiercely loyal and faithful to her husband.

Yet, demons plagued her. Regular drinking was a way of life for Cowboy Mollie, and it was rumored that she aug-

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mented her booze with frequent hits of morphine or cocaine, a habit shared by many male friends. George was becoming a pillar of the community while Mollie flirted with the gutter.

By 1877, Mollie was a local problem. Several times she narrowly missed a jail sentence for disorderly conduct and eccentric behavior. She disappeared one May night after a hell-raising party at the saloon. Constables found her two days later, wandering aimlessly in Peeples Valley.

The Journal-Miner reported, "Mary Sawyer, a prominent character in this territoy for the past 12 years, generally dressed in male attire, and known as 'Cowboy Mollie,' was brought in yesterday from Peeples Valley by Frank Powers.

"A charge of lunacy has been entered against her. She was confined in the County Jail and after medical examination, was pronounced insane. The Board of Supervisors held a special meeting last evening for the purpose of inquiring into the matter and decided to send her to Stockton, California, to the insane asylum."

At the hearing, Mollie was sober and lucid but looked wasted and her hands trembled. She begged to be allowed to return home. George hesitated, then agreed it was best to abide by the board's decision.

When Mollie was en route to the rest home, adventure tagged along. The Journal-Miner reported on May 18, 1877, "The stage which left this place on Saturday morning, carrying mails, treasure box, and several passengers, arrived at Wickenburg in due time.

"After leaving that place — about two miles out — it was stopped by four masked robbers, well-armed, who demanded the treasure box, mail bags, and loose change on the persons of the passengers. Our Sheriff, Ed. F. Bowers, who was aboard taking Mary E. Sawyer, an insane woman known as 'Cowboy Mollie' to Stockton, was robbed of a fine gold watch and chain plus $450 in gold coin."

Deprived of booze, dope, and cherished freedom, Cowboy Mollie became an unmanageable hell-cat in the Stockton asymlum.

The Journal-Miner reported, "Mary Sawyer, a prominent character in this territory for the past 12 years, generally dressed in male attire, and known as 'Cowboy Mollie,' was brought in yesterday from Peeples Valley by Frank Powers.

"She became so violent at the Stockton asylum, and so intent on burning down the place, that it was found necessary as a means of safety, to have her guarded at the state prison."

A year later, she was returned to Stockton, a tractable if unrepentant prisoner.

While Mollie misbehaved, George was having trouble enough of his own. He was accused by federal officials of holding up the Wickenburg-Ehrenburg stage on April 10, 1878.

George, Jack Swilling, and Andy Kerley were arrested and taken to Prescott for trial. There, to all intents and purposes, they were acquitted.

When the crime occurred, the three men, along with Thomas Barnes, were en route to the White Peak Mountains to retrieve the remains of Colonel Jacob Sniveley, a friend who was murdered by Apaches in March, 1872, while prospecting.

However, when Judge Harley Carter was about to release the men, federal authorities discovered the crime was committed in Maricopa, not Yavapai, County. They decided to take Swilling and Kerley to the territorial prison in Yuma for safekeeping and further examination. Monroe was freed and allowed to go his own way.

Also in 1878, former Territorial Governor A.P.K. Safford visited the Stockton asylum and reported that Mollie's condition was greatly improved. He advised that she likely could be released safely.

Unfortunately, Cowboy Mollie had her highs and lows. A letter from Dr. E.A. Stockton, published in the Journal-Miner explained: "I might mention Mary Sawyer and Mr. Zeekey who are quite rational and seemingly all right for weeks at a time. Then, they will take a sudden change and require constant watching."

The asylum's Dr. Langdon revealed to the visitor that Mollie's craving for alcohol was every bit as strong as it was two years before. He said she would resort to anything to obtain a bottle of liquor, although she had none in two years.

Meanwhile, the territorial insane asylum in Phoenix was completed in July, 1886, and plans were made to transfer Arizona patients from Stockton. Mollie was moved in January 1887.

She was glad to return, although much had changed during her ten-year absence. Many of her old friends were gone and those who remained were too busy to visit. George came by a couple of times before declaring that seeing a once vital, energetic woman in those surroundings was too painful.

Mollie vowed to obtain her freedom and began an efficient, ladylike campaign among hospital staff members to win her release. Finally, in 1895, she

(continued on page 53)

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Wild Old Days

OLD JUG BROUGHT THEM HOME

By DANIEL WOODS

OUR FAMILY was on a homestead north of Central Arizona College at Casa Grande and there was a little old brown "jug-headed" Roman nose Indian horse in our pasture and he wouldn't leave.

My father told us kids if we'd catch him we could ride him to school. He carried no brand and was poor as a snake.

We had one old pony but there were three of us boys so two rode and one had to walk behind. That usually led to trouble and we complained about our transportation problems to our mother who told father. We wouldn't say anything direct to him. We depended on her to speak for us.

Papa told us "when you got trouble, do something about it or keep still." He added "if you boys will go and catch Old Jug and bring him home we'll see what we can work out."

Early next morning we ran the pony into a corner of fence and caught him and led him home.

"He looks too weak to buck but he's a stud so when the moon and the almanac gets right, I'll castrate him," father said. "Never trust a stallion. He's okay when he's poor but when he gets fat he'll kill you and think nothing of it. It's his nature. He just can't stand prosperity."

After Old Jug healed from his operation and gained a few pounds we tried him out. My father snubbed him up close to the saddle horn and held him while my brother mounted.

He didn't buck. He didn't even want to walk. You couldn't whip him into a trot.

We used him to go to school on but one of us had to walk and whip him along while one rode so we weren't much better off. We still had one kid on the ground.

Old Jug would come home pretty good after school with two of us on him. He had a slow gait but he would move on. It was going away from home that bothered him. He didn't want to leave the house. They called that habit "barn sower" in those days.

As it turned out we really didn't have enough feed for two horses so my father decided to get rid of Old Jug.

My father told us boys that there was a coyote trapper way the other side of Florence, Arizona, who had a walking plow he wanted and if we'd take Old Jug up to him maybe he'd trade us the plow for the horse.

It was a long way — more than 35 miles — to the trapper's place. Papa told us to leave the horse if he'd trade and Papa would be along in a couple of days in a wagon to get the plow. We set out before daylight next morning, one riding and one walking to keep the horse moving.

We kept going all day and it was very hot. It was night before we got there. We'd been there before and we knew the road but we were really tired and thirsty and the old horse was about dead. Old Jug was so sorefooted he could hardly move.

Right off we saw that the "Coyotero" man wasn't interested in that old plug we were riding. The coyote man spoke a lot of Spanish. He'd laugh and say "El caballo muy feo. No quero."

Anyhow, we got a good supper and bed and Old Jug got some hay. He was pretty weak from the long walk. There wasn't a sprig of grass and no water on the whole trip.

Early next morning we headed home. The coyote man told us to stay and rest our pony up a couple of days but we were afraid our father would figure we'd made a trade and come up with the wagon, so we headed out. Old Jug seemed to know we were headed home. He slung his head, started right out but he give out in about five miles and just gave up and quit.

We both got off and led him, one in front and one behind. He was willing but just too weak. So we all bunched up under an old mesquite tree. My brother and I laid down and Old Jug just stood with his head drooping asleep.

We tried again that afternoon but it was so hot and we didn't have any lunch hardly, just a few tortillas the trapper gave us.

About 4 p.m., we were going down the road and our canteen went dry and my brother got sick and started vomiting. Old Jug gave up again and just stood and looked at the ground. I sat down and bawled but that didn't help. I also by this time discovered we were lost. We had taken a short cut.

"I didn't tell my brother we were lost."

But I didn't tell my brother we were lost. He was too sick to care anyway and I got him to some shade and he went to sleep. He turned pale as a ghost. I figured we'd stay where we were til sundown and try again.

That night I got my brother on the horse and we started on but the old horse wouldn't budge so we decided "to hell with him" and left him.

We were down the trail about half a mile and looked back and here came the horse following us like a dog. He was even walking fast. When the horse got to us I put my brother back on and we headed out.

I hung onto the rope and he kept moving. My brother was on him asleep. Finally the old horse stopped. He was heaving and swaying and I seemed to wake up. I'd been walking half asleep

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for miles.

Old Jug was standing at our corral gate. His ears and mouth were working. He could smell the water trough. My father met us and said:

"I see you brought that durn horse back. Why'nt you trade him off?" What he didn't see was that durn horse had brought us back.

My brother and I later told mother how Old Jug helped us get home and she said we could keep the horse forever if we wanted to.

A FOUNDER OF FORT ROBINSON

BORN IN Indiana, Jesse Matlock Lee began his military career as a private and later commissary sergeant in the 59th Indiana Infantry during the Civil War. After the war Lee became an officer in the 38th Infantry, the 25th Infantry, and in December 1870, transferred to the 9th Infantry.

When it became necessary to send troops to protect the Agency employees, Lieutenant Lee was one of the officers who helped to establish and build Camp Robinson in 1874. Lee's wife was one of the first two women to live at the "Outpost on the Plains," according to records at the fort museum which is a Nebraska State Historical Society property.

Toward the end of 1876, the Army assumed temporary control of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies which had been formerly administered by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Lee was acting Indian agent at the Spotted Tail Agency near Fort Robinson's sister post, Camp Sheridan.

As Indian agent, Lee was concerned when War Chief Crazy Horse moved his camp to the Spotted Tail Agency following rumors that trouble had broken out at Fort Robinson in September 1877. During a hastily called council at the quarters of Captain Dan W. Burke at Camp Sheridan the night of September 4, Lee with the aid of Spotted Tail (uncle of Crazy Horse) and Touch-the-Clouds (friend of Crazy Horse) persuaded Crazy Horse to return to Fort Robinson to discuss the situation with the commanding officer. Lee then volunteered to take Crazy Horse back to Fort Robinson.

There are many conflicting accounts by post surgeon Valentine McGillycuddy, Susan Bordeaux (Bettelyoun), William Garnett, and others of what took place when Crazy Horse arrived at the fort. Many were written years after the event. Jesse M. Lee gave his account of the affair to historian E. A. Brininstool, published in *Nebraska History* (January-March, 1929). In the article Lee states that he was a captain when he brought Crazy Horse to Fort Robinson. (Microfilmed records indicate that Lee's official rank was 2nd lieutenant.)

ACCORDING to Lee's account of the affair, he left the morning of September 5 with Crazy Horse in an ambulance wagon carrying also Spotted Tail and several other Indians. Upon their arrival at Fort Robinson that evening, Lee stopped the ambulance in front of the adjutant's office. Inside the office Lee was told to deliver Crazy Horse to the officer of the day, Captain Kennington. Since Lee had been led to believe that Crazy Horse would have an opportunity to talk to the post commander, Colonel L. P. Bradley (Crazy Horse held the same belief), Lee crossed the parade ground to discuss the situation with Bradley.

There, Lee discovered the orders had already been issued to have Crazy Horse confined in the guardhouse, and since these orders came from higher authority, there was nothing Lee could do to change them. Lee would not argue the point, but still believed that somehow Bradley would talk to Crazy Horse the next morning. After returning to the adjutant's office, Lee told Crazy Horse that it was too late to talk with Colonel Bradley, but he (Crazy Horse) should go with Captain Kennington, and no harm would come. Crazy Horse was taken next door to the guardhouse. A scuffle ensued as the Indian chief realized he would be jailed, and Crazy Horse was killed.

After the family of Crazy Horse had returned the body to the Spotted Tail Agency, Lieutenant Lee provided pickets to surround the grave on a hill overlooking Camp Sheridan. The body was removed a short time later, when the Indian Agency was moved to Dakota Territory.

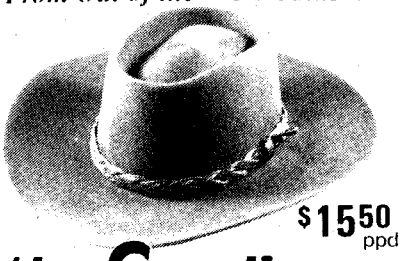
Jesse M. Lee later fought in the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion in China. He retired from the service a brigadier general. Late in life, acting upon the suggestion of General D. W. Burke, he attempted to justify his claim for a Medal of Honor for his bravery in alone escorting Crazy Horse back to Fort Robinson. General Burke and others were too old and sick to carry through with the necessary paperwork, so Lee's claim to the medal was rejected.

The log guardhouse from which Crazy Horse escaped and the log Adjutant's Office in which he died have been reconstructed by the Nebraska State Historical Society on their original locations. These two structures, important parts of the Fort Robinson Museum complex, are visited by several thousand people each year.

A U.S. postage stamp honoring Crazy Horse has been designed for future release by the postal service.

— Prepared by Curator Vance E. Nelson, Fort Robinson Museum; Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

From Out of the West Comes...



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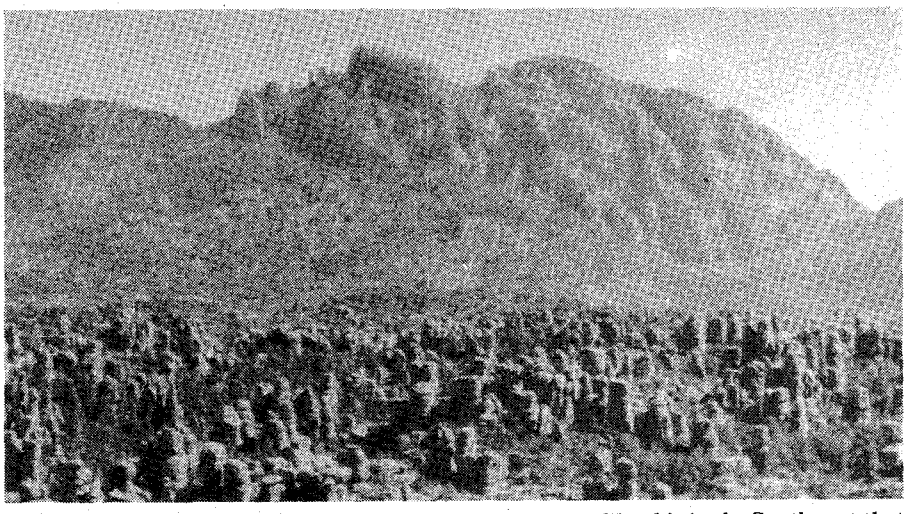

Cochise Head Mountain in Arizona. It was in rough country like this in the Southwest that the author, Geraldine Duncann, learned recipes in this story.

WE hear much about the "environment" these days and to many people this conjures images of rather scruffy types chaining themselves to trees or lying down in front of oil tankers.

Whether or not you are concerned with "saving" it, our environment is here to stay in some condition or another. Our environment dictates our style of dress, mode of housing and our diet.

In some blessed portions of this earth, cohabitating with the environment presents no problems. In Polynesia, you stick out your hand, something drops into it and you put it into your mouth.

In Mediterranean climatic zones, survival involved some labor but it was relatively easy. However, for people in more severe climates the problems of day-to-day life are greatly enhanced.

The Eskimo, for example, is left little time for leisure living. The desert dweller is pressed to put his ingenuity to work to guarantee his survival.

The Hopi, Pimo, Papago, Pueblo and Navajo Indians had their abilities tested to the limit to survive in this less-than-gentle environment.

The following recipes are collected from many excellent cooks in the great Southwest. They reflect the resourcefulness and creativity of these first Americans.

RECIPES

PIGGIE STEW WITH CORN DUMPLINGS

1 2- or 3-lb. pork butt roast, cut into bite-sized chunks
3 onions, chopped
10 cloves garlic, peeled but whole
2 or 3 sweet peppers cut into large chunks
1 dozen boiling onions, peeled
2 C fresh, frozen or canned corn
1 C pre-cooked lima beans

Saute the meat in drippings until browned. Place the meat and all remaining ingredients in an ovenproof dish with a tight lid. Add a sprig of sage and thyme, 1 T sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Add enough stock or bullion to cover. Cover and put in oven at 350 degrees until the meat is tender.

CORN DUMPLINGS

2 C cornmeal
1 T baking powder
3 eggs, separated
1 T sugar
buttermilk
salt to taste

Combine ingredients except egg whites and add enough buttermilk to make texture between a thick batter and a soft dough. Beat egg whites until stiff. Gently work in the egg whites. Remove lid from stew and cover with large spoonfuls of the corn batter. Replace the lid and continue cooking for another 45 minutes. Serve from the pot.

HOPI OMELET

Put 2 T oil or drippings in a heavy pan. Saute 1 diced onion and 4 finely minced cloves of garlic.

Beat 4 eggs and pour into a large omelet pan. Spoon over the sauted onion and garlic. Add ½ C drained canned cactus leaf and ½ C cottage cheese. Sprinkle lightly with oregano and salt and pepper to taste. When the egg has formed a skin on the bottom, fold in half and continue cooking until the egg is set. Serve with steamed flour tortillas or fry bread.

PUEBLO HOMINY AND EGGS

In a heavy skillet, heat 2 T oil or drippings. Saute 1 chopped onion and 4 cloves of finely minced garlic.

Cut a sweet pepper into thin strips and add to the onions and garlic. Add 1 can drained hominy and 1 C country-style mild chili sauce. Let simmer until hot. Add salt, pepper and crushed chilies if desired.

Beat 6 eggs and pour into the skillet. As the egg begins to set, gently pull aside with a spatula and tilting the pan, let the uncooked egg run down to be cooked. When all the egg is cooked, remove from the pan onto a serving dish and garnish with sliced tomato and watercress or parsley.

NAVAJO FRY BREAD

2 C white flour
1 t baking powder
½ t salt
water enough to make a soft dough

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Mix all ingredients and knead until the dough is soft and elastic. Pinch off pieces about the size of a walnut and roll out on a floured board until ¼ inch thick. Make a small hole in the center of each round.

Melt 1 C lard or heat 1 C oil in a heavy skillet. One at a time, place the dough into the hot fat and fry until brown and crisp. Serve hot as a snack or with any main dish.

PIMA PUMPKIN PUDDING

Remove the seeds from a small pumpkin and cut the flesh into chunks. Cover with water and boil until tender. Drain and mash.

To 3 C of the cooked pumpkin add 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 t powdered cinnamon and ½ t powdered ginger. Mix well. Add 1 C rich milk and the yolks of 4 eggs. Mix.

Beat the egg whites until stiff and gently fold in. Pour into a well-oiled baking pan and bake at 350 degrees until a toothpick or knife inserted into the middle comes out clean. Serve immediately with cream.

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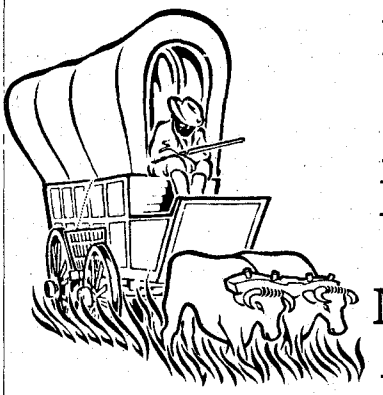

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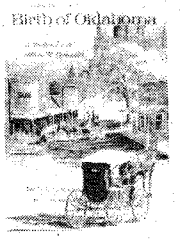

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Old West Recipe of the Month

Over the years the family of Mrs. Neil Leist, 445 - 23rd Street S., Fargo, ND 58103, has been making "honey" from blossoms and sugar. The original recipe for this unusual treat is yellowed with age. "Most people don't believe you can make honey, but you really can't tell the difference!" says Mrs. Leist.

HONEY WITHOUT BEES

45 red clover blossoms
45 white clover blossoms
25 wild rose blossoms
10 cups of sugar
2 cups of water
1 teaspoon of powdered alum

Mix and boil exactly three minutes. Strain through a tightly woven dish cloth. This makes 2 quarts of delicious honey.

SEND YOUR RECIPES

TRUE WEST will pay $5 for each original recipe published. The $5 pays for one-time rights to publish the recipe. Recipes should be kept short and should be typewritten. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830 to 1910). If ingredients are no longer available, list original ingredient and a modern alternative. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes on interest, preparation ease, originality and how well they are related to the Old West. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

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Trails Grown Dim

Taylor-Fisher

I would like to contact anyone with information regarding William Taylor and his wife, Mary Fisher.

Mary was born on Nov. 4, 1853, in Nebraska. She was of Indian descent. She died in Nespelem, Washington. Their children were Grace May, George Elmer and Arley J. — **V. J. Cartier, Rt. 1, Box 297A, Sagle, ID 83860.**

Roberson

I would like to hear from any relatives of Horace L. Roberson who was born in Guadalupe County, Texas, in 1875 and who served as a cattle inspector of the Texas Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association for many years. He was gunned down in Seminole, Texas, on April 1, 1923. — **C. Warren, Box 26, Dickens, TX 79229.**

Ferguson-King-Borneman

In Platte County, Nebraska, between 1870 and 1890, Frances E. Ferguson was divorced from her husband Abraham (Abram) R. King. Abram returned to Pennsylvania but Frances remained.

She married Frank Borneman and had two children: Frank and Annie. Frances died in 1890. I would like to hear from any descendants and would like burial places and dates. — **Janet R. Schooley, Box 77C, RD 1, Noxen, PA 18636.**

West-Schooley

Ada Loucinda West was born March 24, 1860, in Chicago, Illinois. She had a sister named Lelita, an uncle named Josiah and was related to someone named Mrs. Deliahah West.

Ada was raised in an orphanage. Her father remarried but never went back to get Ada. She later married Samuel Schooley from Berwick, Pennsylvania. — **Janet R. Schooley, Box 77C, RD 1, Noxen, PA 18636.**

Hust-Hurst-Flack

I am looking for information on my second great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Hust, later changed to Hurst between 1840 and 1850.

He was born in 1812 in Montgomery County, Tennessee. He married Eliza Jane Flack and they had seven children: John H., Elen Jennie, Daniel Webster, Marcus DeLafette, Winfield Scott, James Buchanan, and Filmore who died in infancy. Benjamin died of a gunshot wound near Fort Jacksborough, Texas, on Nov. 4, 1873.

Who were Benjamin's parents? Did he have any brothers and sisters? — **Penny Douglass, Box 23, Newton, UT 84327.**

Ivy-Koons-Walker

I am seeking information on my grandmother, Josephine Ivy, who was born in Kentucky in 1846. Who were her parents and where in Kentucky was she born?

She married John Koons in 1865 in Calhoun County, Texas. She died March 12, 1872 in Girard, Kansas.

She had three children: Katharine, George and Charles. She had a sister, Ellen Ivy, and a brother, Charles Ivy.

The 1860 census of Calhoun County shows all three children living with a couple, C. S. Walker, age 30, and Elizabeth Walker, age 68. — **Mrs. Josephine West, Rt. 2, Box 167-A, Goldendale, WA 98620.**

Wilson

I would like to hear from any descendants of my great-uncle, John H. Wilson, born Dec. 3, 1852 in Neshoba County, Mississippi. When did he die?

He was last known living in Hartshorn, Oklahoma around 1900 to 1907. His wife was Sarah L. and she was born in Mississippi.

Their children were: Ida, Joseph M., Mary, Horace J., Kelly B. and Joseph Hulvatus (my father).

My father's father was William Samuel Wilson, born March 2, 1855 in Neshoba County, Mississippi. John H. and William were sons of John McHenry Wilson, born in Alabama. — **Mrs. John Tatum, Star Route, Box 64, Calvin, OK 74531.**

Rynning-Swalm-Dwyers

I am seeking information on relatives of Captain Thomas Rynning, an Arizona Ranger. He had a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Swalm; two grandsons, Thomas Swalm and Daryl Dwyers; other relatives, Marie Rynning and Rosamond Rynning. — **George L. Marshall, 127 Mill Rd., Rt. 1, Schnecksville, PA 18078.**

Parson-Merchant

My great-great-grandfather, Littleton Parson, lived in Jefferson County, Alabama during 1850. He moved to Henderson County, Texas later where he patented land. He then moved to Arkansas leaving part of his family in Texas, including my great-grandmother, Louisa Parson, who married William Merchant on July 25, 1857.

William Merchant was killed during the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, during the Civil War. Louisa Parson Merchant remained in Texas the rest of her life and died in 1914 at the Confederate Home for Women in Austin, Texas.

What members of Littleton Parson's family remained in Texas? — **H. M. Watson, 210B S. Guadalupe St., Seguin, TX 78155.**

Brooks

I am seeking information on G. W. Brooks. I have letters written in 1929 by his wife, Delia Brooks, of Rifle, Colorado, who states her husband was a "pardner" of Buffalo Bill Cody and Sergeant Jacob Blout when they hunted on the plains for the Union Pacific Railroad.

G. W. Brooks was raised near Waterloo, Iowa and came to Colorado in 1860, was well known as a pioneer and his picture was in the Pioneers Gallery in the Denver state capitol.

Mrs. Brooks died between 1929 and 1932, and left at least one daughter, Mrs. Ivy Edwards, who lived at Republic, Washington. — **Melvin Schulte, Box 203, Pocahantas, IA 50574.**

Granditzki-Grandeck

I am seeking information about my uncle, Bernhard Granditzki, also known as Ben Grandeck, born in Pischnitz, Germany/Pinschinn, Poland on Nov. 10, 1898. He died in Waukesha, Wisconsin on Sept. 3, 1935.

My father told me before his death that his

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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brother, Bernhard, was a cowboy in Gunnison, Colorado. He left Wisconsin in approximately 1916 and settled in this town. Family tradition says Ben worked on a ranch and broke horses for the Army. — **Sybil Grandeck Jedrzejewski, 11369 Arrowhead Trail, Hales Corners, WI 53130.**

Coopwood-De la Montaine-Woodward

My great-grandfather, Bethel Coopwood, was a camel owner during the Texas-Mexican War in 1846. He passed the Texas bar in 1852, and he married a Mormon, Josephine de la Montaine Woodward, in San Bernadino, California in 1859.

He was involved in the Ames-Gentry feud, commanded the San Elizario Spy Company, defected to Mexico after the Civil War, and returned stateside when granted amnesty.

Did Bethel attend school or read for the law from 1848 to 1852? How did he travel to California? Why did he name his spy company "San Elizario?" Did he live with the Mormon settlement in Mexico?

Josephine de la Montaine Woodward was born in Cropwricks, New Jersey. When and how did her family move to California? Was her maternal grandfather Count de la Montaine from France? — **Martha J. Coopwood Throop, 2600 Avenida Loop, Irving, TX 75062.**

Ricker-Bradford-Jenkins

I am seeking information on the Ricker family of Tennessee, specifically my grandfather, Nathan Dempse Ricker, born Sept. 13, 1870 and died Oct. 28. 1950. He married Mary Jane Bradford. Mary Jane was born on Sept. 3, 1871 and died Feb. 2, 1913.

Nathan's mother was Cherokee; his father was Scotch or Irish. His mother's maiden name is listed as Jenkins on old records.

Nathan and Mary Jane had seven children: J. L. (Pete), H. G. (Red), Cecil (Gabe), Emmett D., Bonnie Ruth (my mother), Edith Blanche and Stacy Bell. — **Mary Ruth Reynolds Wonsyld, 3431 Bradley Dr., Hood River, OR 97031.**

Grayson-Martin

William Harvey Grayson was born in January 1829 in Tennessee. His father was also born in Tennessee. What were William's parents' names? Where were they born?

William married Darthulia Roxana Martin who was born Oct. 17, 1828 in Tennessee. What were her parents' names and where were they born?

William and Darthulia had these children: Charlie H., Joseph D., Mary Alice, Jim T., R. Calvin (Callie), Hugh Ruth, Marion Blair, Tom Edward, L. Sam, Benjamin Franklin and one unknown. They lived in Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri. William and Darthulia are buried at Sunset, Montague County, Texas. — **Keith D. Grayson, 709 Oakwood Ave., Vallejo, CA 94590.**

How to be a "Man"

(continued from page 47)

convinced her keepers that she had achieved mental stability. A sanity hearing was scheduled.

Mollie relaxed and chatted with hearing board members. She spoke in a low, well-modulated voice in language prim and devoid of the coarse slang that had marked her "cowboy" image. She seemed to be in complete control of the situation.

The patient explained she had never committed a punishable crime or injured an innocent person. She smiled, sighed softly, and calmly asked again for her freedom. The request was denied.

After this rejection, she reverted to "Cowboy Mollie," fighting and cursing the hospital staff members, many of whom had become her friends. Finally, Mollie fled the coop. Her escape and rescue was celebrated in the local press.

The April 25, 1895, edition of the Arizona Republican in Phoenix reported: "Mollie Monroe, the insane woman who wandered away from the asylum Thursday was returned Sunday to that institution safe and sound."

Clad only in a hospital dress and flimsy slippers, Mollie wandered across the flatland near the Gila River before staggering into an Indian camp about 33 miles from Phoenix. Except for blistered feet, she was in good condition, apparently not suffering from lack of food or water. After walking 15 miles, she encountered Indian trader Lon Barbee who gave her crackers and a bottle of water.

Meanwhile, Cowboy Mollie spun out her life at the Phoenix insane asylum. She died on Nov. 20, 1902, at the age of 66. The Journal-Miner noted her death in its Nov. 24, 1902, issue:

"Of this woman, nothing but kindly words must be said. She was a noble, charitable woman, known to ride miles to reach the afflicted. She was an excellent shot with a pistol and in horsemanship, always rode astride. Despairing of accomplishing the aim of her life, she faltered, became dissipated, and fell a willing victim to personal weakness. Her declining days were passed without any physical suffering and she died quietly and peacefully. While her death removed from earth but a mortal of the human race, there ended the career of one woman in the pioneer life of Arizona that is decidedly interesting if not fascinating."

SHOP TALK

(continued from page 35)

advertiser, and has quite a flair with a pen. Frank reports that because of his advertising, coupled with an aggressive subscription campaign to potential clients, he has increased his business volume by $100,000.

But the main reason for my mentioning this is that Frank Greene is planning to publish a book of the short stories that have been appearing in TRUE WEST along with others. He plans to do this shortly, so we look forward to the book.

Frank's interest in the West goes way back. He was a cowboy in the 1930s hanging up his spurs in 1939 for a job with General Motors.

In 1969, when the movie "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," came out, Frank rekindled an old friendship with the late Lula Parker Betenson, Butch Cassidy's sister. Frank and Lula in recent years spent many hours together exchanging stories of the Old West and of Butch's final years.

Frank claims to this day to be the only remaining person (since Lula died in 1981), to know the location of the outlaw's gravesite. This secret he has sworn never to reveal.

Well, enjoy this issue that Jim has put together because it's a beaut'! If you have any questions on advertising in TRUE WEST, I'll be happy to help you out.

—Randy Clausen

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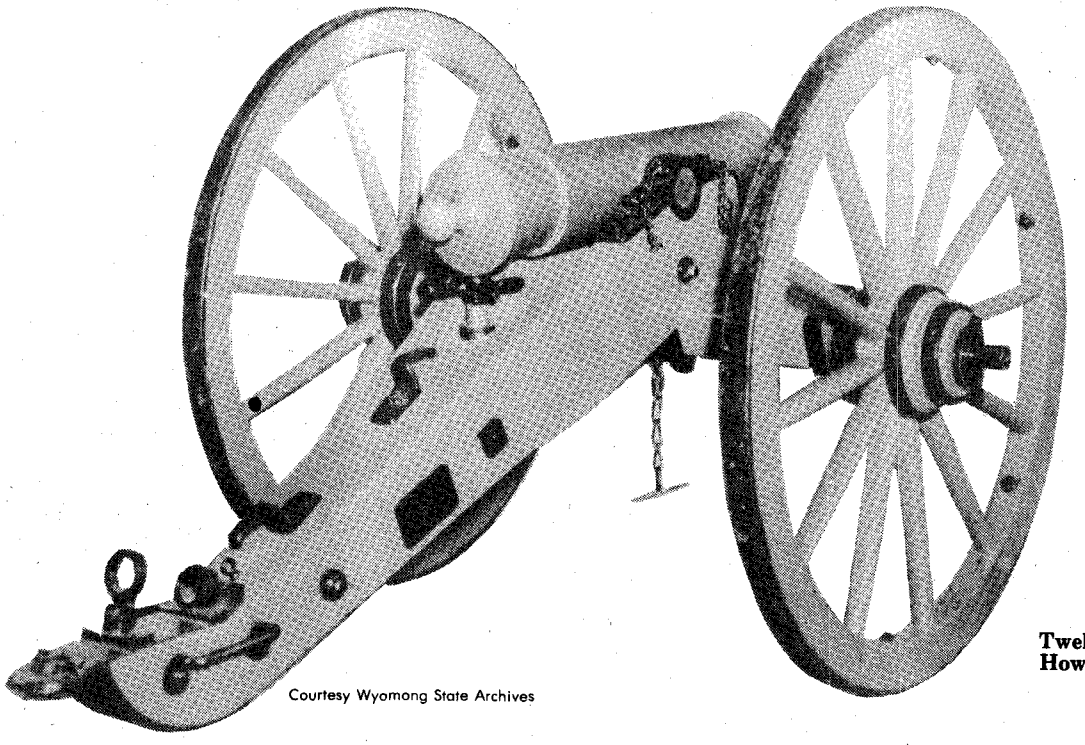

Courtesy Wyomong State Archives

Twelve-pound Mountain Howitzer.

ANOTHER GUN THAT WON THE WEST

By KONRAD F. SCHREIER JR.

IT was November 1864 and winter was coming to New Mexico Territory. General James H. Carleton was growing concerned over depredations of the Comanche and Kiowa Indians along the Santa Fe Trail.

The Indians were aroused because although they had permitted whites to use the trail, they insisted the whites stick to the trail. But the immigrants and freighters broke their promises and, among other things, began killing buffalo and other game. The Indians retaliated by attacking wagon trains, camps, any place they could find white men.

Carleton ordered Colonel Christopher Carson, U.S. Volunteers — better known as Kit Carson — to take the field with 350 men of the 1st California Volunteer Cavalry. His marching unit also included 75 Jicarilla Apaches and Ute Indian Scouts. Navahos were considered but rejected when the Utes refused to fight alongside the Navahos.

As Carson's column marched out of Fort Bascom, New Mexico, on Nov. 12, 1864, it had, just between the last of the main body of troops and ahead of the supply train, something not often found on most Indian campaigns. A small group of soldiers was leading two large, solid army mules and each was pulling a little cannon that looked like an oversized child's toy. But these were anything but toys. They were a pair of proven Army 12-pound mountain howitzers.

GENERAL Carleton knew just how effective these weapons could be. In July 1862, in what became known as the Battle of Apache Pass, Carleton and his California Column cleared the Pass of Apaches by using the little 12-pound howitzers.

The Indians were taken by surprise. The Apaches believed the soldiers would have to return to Tucson if they could keep them from getting to the water at Apache Springs in the pass. Some 500 Indians gathered around the springs and Carleton's California Column ran straight into them.

Firing broke out and small parties of hostile Indians began harassing the long column spread out several miles in length. The two howitzers were ordered forward and into action.

The howitzers were pulled by mules accompanied by other mules carrying sixteen pounds of ammunition. Each gunnery crew was composed of a sergeant and a half dozen men commanded by a lieutenant. The crews were actually infantrymen, not artillerymen, who had been picked to man the howitzers. But the guns were easy to learn to use.

The Indians were hidden high in rock surrounding the bowl-like depression where the springs were located. The Indian positions could be detected by the puffs of smoke from their rifles. Then, over the noise of small arms fire, shouting soldiers and screaming Indians, there were two pops in rapid succession. A pause, and then a Fourth-of-July fireworks — the shell bursts in the sky raining down lethal chunks of metal on the Indians.

It took the California Volunteers only a half dozen or so shells to drive the hostiles away from the water. The soldiers quickly occupied the springs. It was fortunate for the army that it took so few shots as they had only some thirty rounds with the guns. The rest of the ammunition was in the supply train lagging far behind the column.

The column camped here and again had to use howitzers to drive the Indians away. Eventually Fort Bowie

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Courtesy the author

Frederic Remington illustration shows a mountain howitzer being pulled by a single mule and mounted crew with it.

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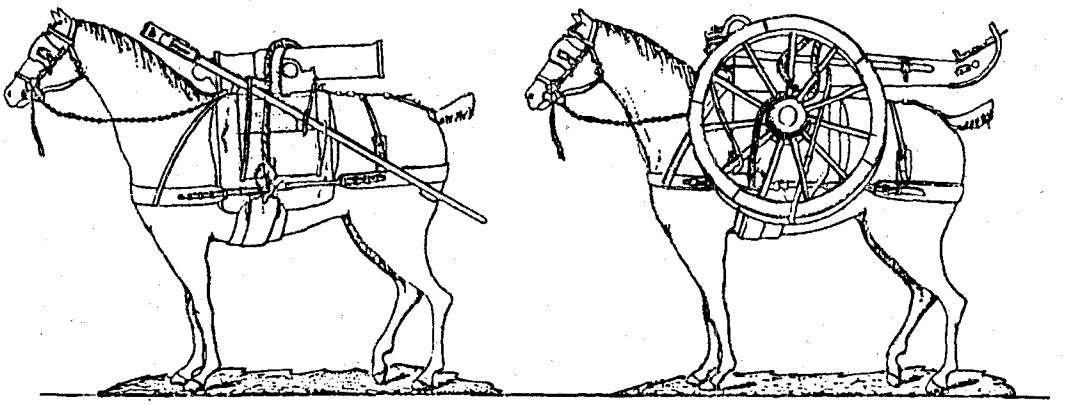

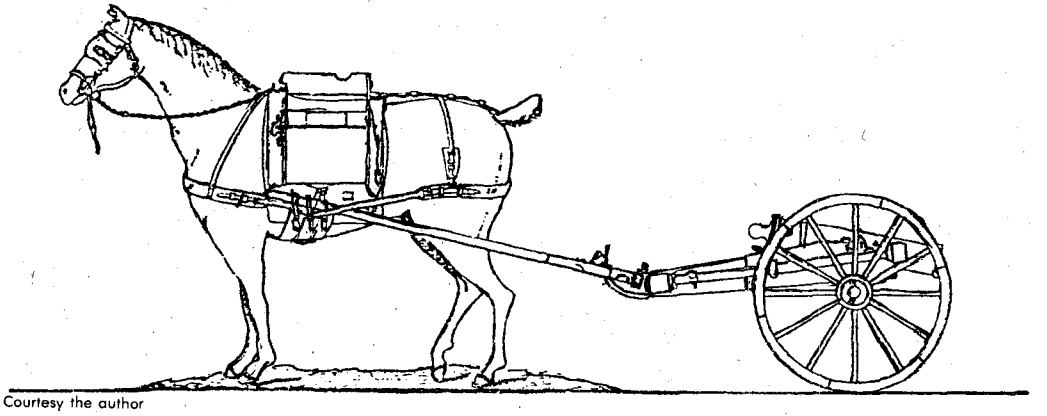

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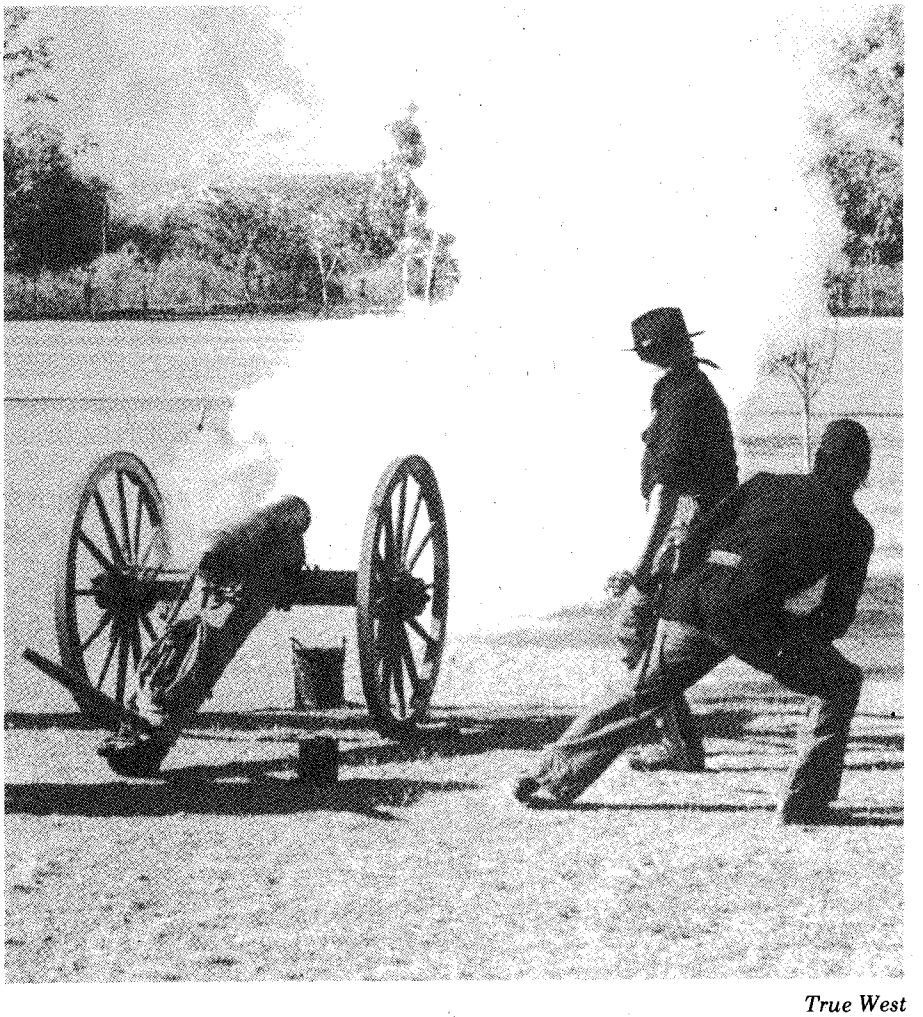

Courtesy the author

Above, the illustration of a 12-pound mountain howitzer being packed and in draft was redrawn from the original manuel for the cannon published in 1851. At right is a modern replica 12-pound howitzer being fired in ceremonies at Fort Lowell in Tucson, Arizona.

was built here and the Indians seldom bothered it because the fort always had a couple of cannons for its defense.

IT may have been the same pair of mountain howitzers that Carson used late in 1864, for Carleton had only six or eight in his command. Carson's mission was to scout along the Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle looking for hostile Indians. Like Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Carson found more than he'd imagined.

By Nov. 24, Carson and his men were camped at Mule Springs, about 30 miles west of Adobe Walls, by then a ruins. Indian scouts returned to Carson reporting they had found a large body of Indians. Most of the enemy were Kiowas and Comanches. Carson and his scouts at first underestimated the enemy's strength.

Carson ordered an attack the next dawn. As the fight opened, his men

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entered a village of three or four hundred teepees. They then discovered that another village lay beyond the first camp. It meant there could be a thousand hostile warriors, maybe more. The Indians attacked savagely so Carson ordered the howitzers into action. Although the Indians, now numbering as high as 3,000, had numerical superiority, they feared the cannon.

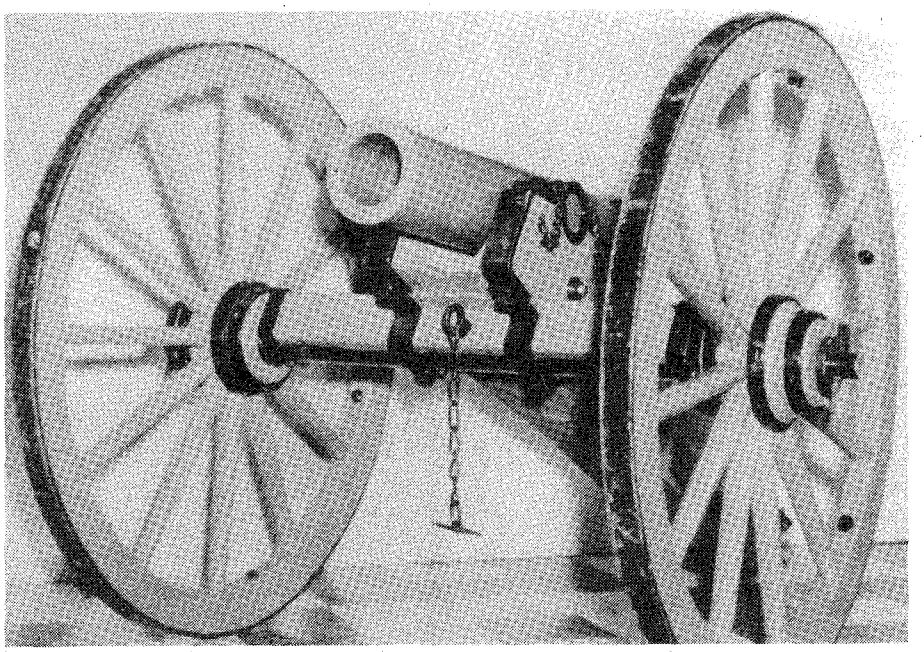
The soldiers were also armed with rapid firing breech-loading Sharps rifles, but the Indians had found arms on recent raids so they were well-armed too. However, as soon as the cannon began firing, the Indians fled the bursting shells.

The Battle of Adobe Walls lasted one day. When Carson saw Indian reinforcements coming and became aware that his horses and men were tired, he began to retreat the way he came. Seeing this, the Indians pressed the attack. And each time Carson would bring his howitzers into action.

The Indians called the cannons the "guns which shoot twice" — once when the shell was fired and again when the shell burst. If the Indians got too close, the soldiers would fire what they called "canned trouble." It was a tin can filled with lead musket balls and it turned the cannon into a big deadly shotgun.

During the battle, Carson's cannoniers had to be careful about the number of shells they fired. They only fired 30 or so shells since they had only 60 some with them. That was all the ammunition a unit could carry in its supply packs.

Apparently the cannon had a greater impact on the Indians' nerve than as a deadly weapon. Estimates of the Indian dead range from 60 to "nearly 100" and perhaps 150 wounded. Of the soldiers, two were killed and ten were wounded. Both the soldiers and Indians freely said it was the cannon which saved the army from disaster.



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

This 12-pound mountain howitzer in practically new condition is in Wyoming State Museum. Carriage is modern reproduction.

AS a matter of record, the little mountain howitzers saved the army's bacon many times from their first use in the 1840s until they were employed for the last time in the late 1870s.

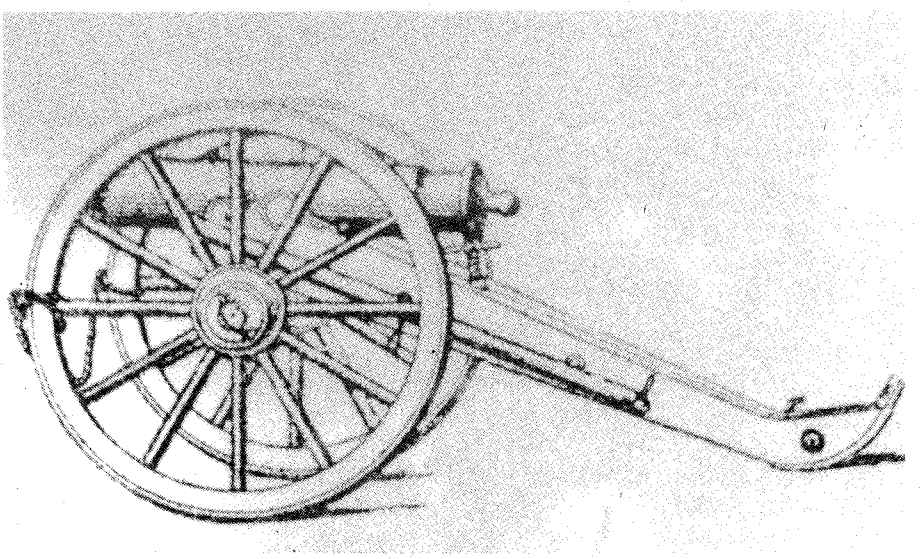
The howitzers were used both in the Nez Perce War in Idaho and Montana in 1877 and in the Bannock-Ute outbreak in Nevada and Oregon in 1878. Then the army procured the modern breech loader and the little muzzle loaders became obsolete.

Prior to the 12-pound mountain howitzer, the army used a little two-pound cannon with a two-inch bore. These little guns weighed 100 pounds or so and were easily packed on a horse or mule. Many didn't need a carriage since they were swivel guns with a simple yoke mount used to attach them to a log, tree stump or any other solid base.

These little two-pounders could fire only solid shot or shotgun-like cannister charges. As the army moved into the vast reaches of the West where the Indians often outnumbered the soldiers, the little cannons were not effective. What the army wanted and needed was a little cannon that could fire explosive shells.

In the mid-1830s, just as the West was beginning to open, the Army reorganized its artillery. They got much help from the French. About 1835, the U.S. Army arranged to manufacture a copy of the little French Army Obusier de 12 de Montagne, 1827 — 12-pound mountain howitzer, model 1827. The army found the French gun and its ammunition to be exactly what was needed. This was the only gun of its kind in the world at that time.

The army even copied the French term "mountain artillery" for the little gun. Sometimes soldiers referred to it as "pack artillery" since it was carried in pack saddles on the back of mules. In field campaigning in the West, however, the little cannons usually were pulled on wheels by a single mule and the ammunition was carried on another pack mule.



Courtesy the author

This drawing is of the original French army mountain howitzer which the U. S. army copied.

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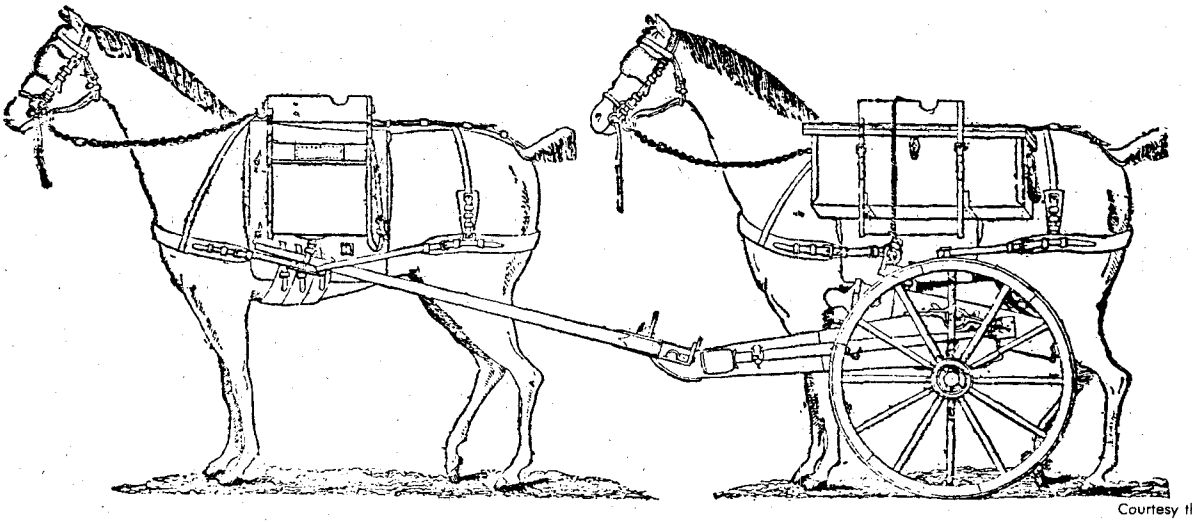

Courtesy the author

This drawing of a 12-pound howitzer in draft with pack mule appeared in many manuals from the 1850s to the 1880s.

In 1839, the army's first mountain howitzers were manufactured at the Ames Foundry and Watertown Arsenal in Boston, Massachusetts. Everything, the guns, carriages, equipment and ammunition, was copied from the French model of 1827. The army designated the guns as the 12-pound mountain howitzer, model of 1839. A few of them — two or three — were sent to troops along the Mississippi River in 1840.

After using them a while, the army made minor changes in the design of the guns, carriages, equipment and ammunition. The result was the army 12-pound mountain howitzer, model of 1841, which would be used for the next 40 years. The cannon weighed just 220 pounds. It was just 37.21 inches long and it had an impressive 4.62 inch bore. Its carriage weighed 295 pounds for a total weight of the gun and carriage of 515 pounds.

The weight of a round of fixed ammunition — complete shell with an attached propelling charge of powder — was about ten pounds. These shells were carried in two chests of eight rounds each, or sixteen rounds per pack mule.

In the 1840s when the army began patrolling and protecting the westward moving frontier, the little 12-pound mountain howitzer proved to be a perfect cannon for issue to frontier posts. It was small and light enough to be transported almost any place, but it was large enough caliber to fire explosive shells. Its ammunition was light enough to allow an adequate supply to be transported to the remotest post. And it was simple enough for any good soldier to fire and maintain.

At many western posts Indians were invited to watch mountain howitzer target practice. The little cannon could toss its 9.2-pound shell accurately to a thousand yards and the slightly heavier, bullet-filled 11-pound case shot to eight hundred.

During the Mexican War of 1846-1847, there were two dozen or so 12-pound mountain howitzers in the army, most west of the Mississippi River. They saw little action in the war with the exception of one pair used as field guns in Mexico.

Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny took two mountain howitzers down the Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico. He then took the two to California. This campaign showed the little guns had two serious problems: The diminutive carriages were not strong enough to stand two or three thousand miles of marching over primative western trails. When they got to California the carriages were in such poor shape they were held together with rawhide lashings.

The failure of the carriages led to the second problem. The carriage had small wheels. If the gun was fired from an unlevel position, it would often tip over. Muzzle loading cannons were enough work without having to set them upright after every firing.

At the end of the Mexican War, a new carriage for the mountain howitzer was designed, the Prairie Carriage, model of 1850. This new carriage increased the wheel track from 30.2 inches to 42.5 inches, the overall length of the carriage from 61 inches to 68 inches, and the wheels from 38 to 42 inches in diameter.

This increased the weight of the carriage from 295 pounds to 363 pounds, but it was still a cannon a single mule could tow easily.

Substantial numbers of 12-pound mountain howitzers were made and issued in the 1850s. Colonel Joseph K.F. Mansfield's 1853-1854 inspection report on the western military posts states there were some 70 field guns scattered through the system and 32 were 12-pound mountain howitzers.

During the Civil War the little mountain howitzers saw service in the Indian troubles in the West and on both sides in the conflict. They were much used at small strategic outposts and as infantry support weapons since they were small enough to move with the troops.

At the end of the Civil War the army had enough of the little 12-pound mountain howitzers on hand to last forever, so no more were manufactured. Enough ammunition was made to last as long as the guns would.

The mountain hoitzers were trotted out on their last campaign in the Bannock-Ute troubles in 1878-1879. But because this campaign involved fast cavalry chases, the little guns could not keep up with the action. They fired only a few shots from time to time.

This was not, however, the end of their service in the West. At many posts they were used to fire the morning and afternoon salutes and for other salutes — with blank ammunition of course.

As late as the Spanish-American War of 1898, there was still a large supply of the guns and ammunition on hand. According to army records, a surprising number of venerable 12-pound mountain howitzers were retired when breech loading salute guns were issued just after the turn of the century.

And so the little 12-pound mountain howitzer faded into history. Having rendered long and outstanding service, the little muzzle loading 12-pound howitzer is, just as surely as the Colt revolver and Winchester repeater, one of the guns which won the West.

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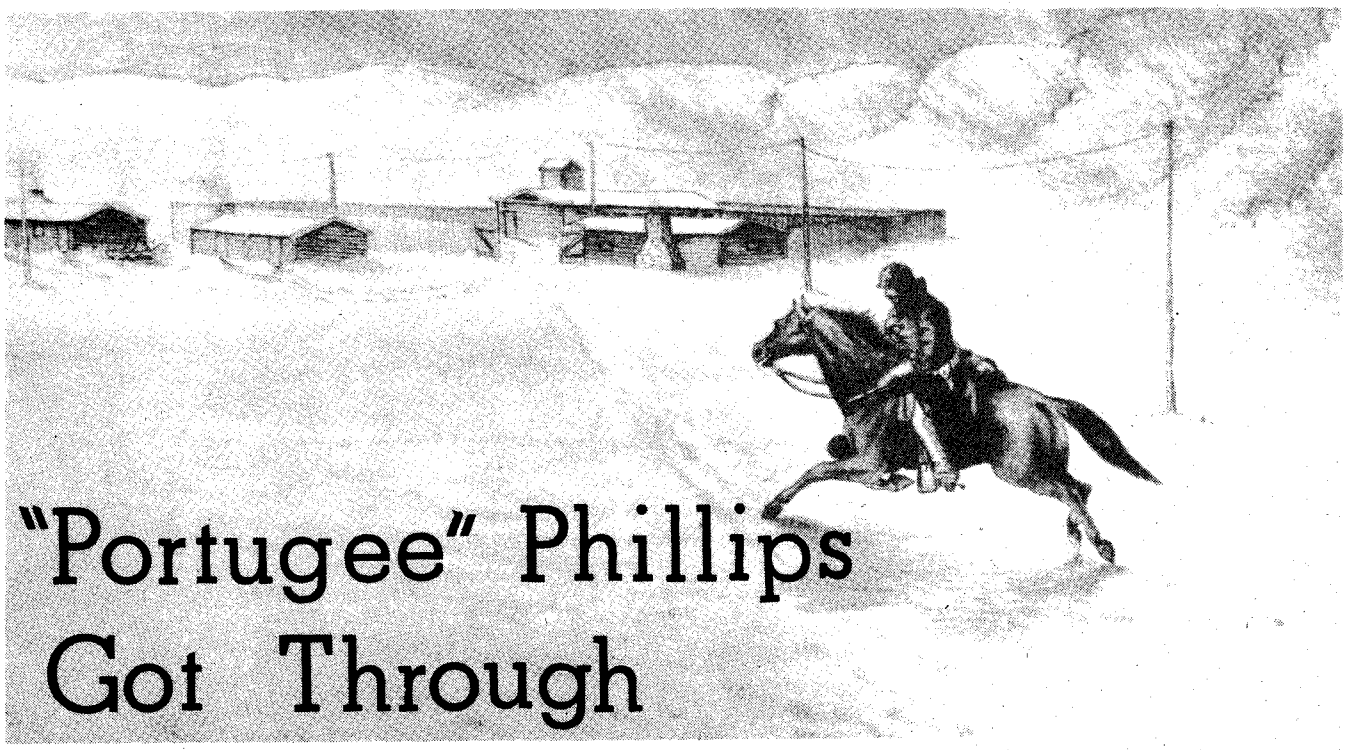

"Portugee" Phillips Got Through

Adventures of a Western Frontiersman

By ROBERT A. MURRAY

COLONEL Henry Carrington, haggard and shaky, signed the dispatch on his desk at Fort Phil Kearny by lamplight. He looked at his watch and found it near midnight. The calendar showed it was Dec. 21, 1866. Feet stamped off snow on the steps out front and muffled voices sounded in the hallway. In came the officer-of-the-day with two rough-clad figures. He introduced the two men to Carrington as John Phillips and Daniel Dixon.

Carrington shook hands with the frontiersmen and explained their mission. They were to carry his dispatches telling of the Fetterman disaster to the telegraph dispatcher at Horseshoe Station, more than 170 miles to the southeast. Phillips and Dixon knew the dramatic events of that day when brash Lieutenant Colonel William J. Fetterman led a small force of cavalry and infantry across Lodge Trail Ridge and into the best trap ever laid by the Sioux Indians. All 82 men in the force lay dead on the battlefield as Carrington spoke to his two volunteer messengers.

Snow was falling outside. The colonel spoke in tones just short of panic. He urged them to hurry, but to be wary for any sign of Indians.

"We all depend on your getting through!" he said.

Outside, the two men tucked the dispatch cases in their saddlebags and slipped away to the southeast through the fort's water-gate on Little Piney Creek.

Phillips and Dixon got through. The messages brought replacements and Carrington was relieved of his command. Phillips and Dixon each got $300 for making the trip, an unprecedented sum for messengers up to that time. This was just one, and perhaps far from the most dangerous, adventure for John Phillips who spent 33 years on the western frontier.

The man the citizens of Wyoming called John "Portugee" Phillips was born near the town of Terra, on the island of Pico in the Azores on April 8, 1832. He was the fourth of nine children born to Felipe and Maria Cardoso. They named him Manuel Felipe Cardoso. Portuguese residents of the Azores took early to the sea for their livings. Before he was eighteen, young Manuel was a crewman on a Portuguese whaler, operating in the Pacific Ocean.

During 1850, his ship put into the American port of San Francisco. The port was jammed with ships of many nations, lured by the gold discoveries, news of which had spread around the world the previous year. Like many seamen, Cardoso and some of his companions jumped ship to head for the gold fields.

Manuel Felipe Cardoso liked the life he found in California. He learned to find and work placer gold deposits and stayed for years with the lead elements in the expanding race for gold that spread out inland from the great placer country of California. He ranged through northern California and into Oregon.

By the time he got to Oregon he was going by the name of John Phillips. Some of his companions were still called "those Portuguese," so he must have learned English as well as gold-panning.

He worked the Oro Fino gold rush in northern Idaho in 1861, and went on to find less gold on the Salmon River. But there was a new rush a-making, and the spring of 1862 found Phillips in the Boise Basin of Idaho. Along with George Grimes and an old '49er named Jefferson Standifer, Phillips made some of the first discoveries.

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That summer of 1862, Indian raiders killed Grimes. Standifer, Phillips and others pursued the hostiles and wiped out a small Indian village. Phillips then disinterred the body of Grimes from a shallow grave and reburied it at a miners' settlement and built a marker for the grave. He even filed a gold claim in the name of Grimes' widow.

Phillips and Standifer stayed until the spring of 1863 in the Boise Basin. By then they were what General Hazen called "$15-a-day-men." They were the kind who arrived first at the gold seekers' frontier and moved on when their take ran less that $15 a day (about three-fourths of an ounce of gold then).

For the next three years, they roamed from valley to valley in Montana, skimming the best of the placers, leaving the heavy work and low-pay gravel to others. But by 1866, most of the high pay was gone in Montana west of Bozeman. These were not the kind to wait around for the hard-rock mining companies to come in and offer miners a job below ground or in the dusty stampmills.

Instead, in the spring of 1866 they set out for still newer country in the ranges of southeast Montana. They gathered more gold-seekers along the way, including a few at the little town of Bozeman, Montana. Then they made their way eastward along the Bear Tooth Range, prospecting the creeks as they went. When they reached Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone the big party split up. Standifer took many of the men south along the front of the Absaroka Range. Phillips went with another '49er named Robert Bailey and about sixty men to have a look at the Big Horn Mountains. They tried Pryor Creek, the Big Horn itself, and went up into the high country of the range. By August they had worked in every stream north of the Middle Fork of Powder River.

As snow began to fall in the high country in September, they moved to lower elevation to camp on Goose Creek, about seven miles west of present Sheridan, Wyoming. While most of the men worked the small streams at the foot of the mountain, two went out to hunt. A Sioux war party killed the two not far from camp.

Bailey, Phillips and the other men buried their comrades and moved their camp southeast to Little Goose Creek and then to Prairie Dog Creek. There they found a surprise — civilian workmen were running mowing machines drawn by horses cutting hay and loading

John "Portugee" Phillips

it into wagons. Their boss was a contractor supplying the hay to Fort Phil Kearny.

The workmen were not surprised to learn of the attack on Bailey's party. For days, they said, the Sioux had been lurking around their hay meadows. Only a few weeks earlier the hostiles had killed "French Pete" Pierre Casseau (a trader) and his companions not far away. The hay contractor hired Bailey, Phillips and others to "ride shotgun" protecting the haying parties. Until December, the prospectors worked at this and as loggers and firewood cutters. Some of them decided to winter at the fort to take whatever work the army and its contractors had to offer. Phillips built a hut outside the walls in a nearby valley.

Then Carrington asked for civilian volunteer messengers and Phillips and his friend Dixon rode into Wyoming history. They had never been down the Bozeman Trail before, but the route was well-marked by the passage of many heavy military supply wagons. After their epic trip to Horseshoe Station and Phillips' additional journey to Fort Laramie, Phillips returned to Fort Phil Kearny and worked there until the summer of 1868.

With the Union Pacific Railroad safely across southern Wyoming, the army abandoned its diversionary operations along the Bozeman Trail. Phillips went to southern Wyoming. At Elk Mountain he went into business as a tie contractor, supplying the railraod as it was built farther west.

He married a girl named Hattie at Elk Mountain in 1869. But marriage didn't tie Phillips down entirely. Not when he ran into Old Jeff Standifer again. Jeff suggested a prospecting trip to the Wind River Country, where Jeff had gone briefly during the 1866 trip. They went by way of the South Pass mines where hard-rock work was just getting under way.

On August 21, 1869, this seasoned pair and their party fought Indians (probably Arapahoes, who were raiding deep through the Shoshone country at this time) near Bull Lake west of present Lander.

That fall, Phillips and his bride moved to Fort Laramie, where he was a transportation and supply contractor to the army. His business included beef contracting, so Phillips filed on land on Chugwater Creek, near the crossing of the trail from Cheyenne to Fort Laramie. There was good water and lots of open range. There was seasonal timber work in the Laramie Range, supplying the sawmills the army ran there. But it was still not a settled country.

On Oct. 6, 1872, he had work cattle (oxen), mules and horses grazing near Little Box Elder Canyon. Hostile Sioux ran off 28 animals, representing a loss of $2,636.50. This time, Phillips didn't take off in pursuit, but simply filed a claim for Indian depredations. Clearly he was learning the ways of the Wyoming frontier.

At the peak of the Black Hills Gold Rush in 1876, most traffic to the Hills went past Phillips' front door. So he expanded the ranch buildings and opened a "road ranch" and stage station to serve the travelers. During this time, word of his famous ride of 1866 spread far and wide, doubtless told to travelers every night at the station.

Before this new boom died, Phillips sold the ranch for enough cash to enable him and Hattie to retire in Cheyenne. Around 1880, Phillips returned to the Azores to visit his relatives. He returned to Cheyenne, where he died in November of 1883, a well-known and much respected retired businessman.

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Illustration by
Al Martin Napoletano

Death on the Ranchèro

HARDY TEXANS ON A FLAMING FRONTIER

By MARILYN READ
and HELEN WILKERSON

Photos Courtesy the Authors

SEVERAL miles east of Sabinal, Texas, and 60 miles west of San Antonio, lies an almost forgotten little family cemetery. There are only seven tombstones in it, all bearing the name "Davenport", but these few represent four generations of a pioneer Uvalde County family.

Within the small fenced plot are buried history, drama, and pathos typical of frontier Texas. The written record of these events is sketchy, yet this family and others like them made Uvalde County into the peaceful and prosperous area it is today.

Inscribed on one of the stones is the name "John M. Davenport" and the date Oct. 28, 1859. Also cut into the tall stone is the chilling and graphic detail of an Indian bow and arrow.

John McNew Davenport admired and bred good horses but he left his home on Ranchero Creek very early that last morning of his life mounted on a mule.

He intended to trade the animal, perhaps to some hay-cutters working in the area. Or he might have meant to swap the balky beast for a couple of oxen in the settlements below the Sabinal River. His wary eyes picked out recent Indian signs, but he prodded the mule on despite any misgivings he might have felt.

Davenport discussed the signs with W.B. "Doak" Bowles that morning when he reached the Bowles place about six miles south on the Sabinal. Even as these two talked, Bowles' own father, John, fell victim to the band of Comanches feared to be in the area.

The Indians took John Bowles' scalp and rode on north, staying out of sight of the scattered settlements. The thicket on Ranchero Creek offered cover enough to eat and lie in wait for other opportunities.

LATER in the morning, another rancher, John Kennedy, rode west of the ranchero, heading for his place farther down the creek. He noticed buzzards circling near the thicket and his young horse acted skittishly. It was later thought that meat the Indians were eating attracted the buzzards.

Kennedy considered checking it out, but decided to stay on the trail. This decision probably saved his life. Riding a young, awkward horse, he would no doubt have been the victim instead of John Davenport. For it was from this spot the Indians attacked.

Both Davenport and Kennedy were experienced Indian fighters, as were most men who lived in Uvalde County in the 1850s. The early ranchers had many opportunities to become acquainted with Comanches over the six or seven years they lived in or near the river canyons of Uvalde County.

The county is cut by three rugged and brush-covered canyons of the Nueces, Frio and Sabinal rivers. Indians long favored the country for its good hunting. They were reluctant to hand it over to the white stock raisers who began venturing into the area in the 1850s.

John Davenport had come with one of the first of these families with Captain William Ware in 1852 to the head of the Sabinal Canyon. Captain Ware proved

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his fighting and leadership capabilities in the War of 1812, as had Davenport's own father.

Davenport's family came to Texas in 1843, and settled in Kaufman County where they joined forces with Ware in his venture to West Texas.

In 1848, tall, red-haired John Davenport married Mary Jane Crane Elkins, a 24-year-old widow with a young daughter. Mary Jane's father was John Crane, another veteran of the war of 1812, and a kinsman of William Ware.

John Crane was a boyhood friend of the illustrious Sam Houston and Mary Jane later told of a time when she made coffee for the Texas general. Crane was killed by Indians during the Cherokee War of 1839 in East Texas.

Mary Jane was slender, dark-haired and well fitted for frontier life. Together John and Mary Davenport prospered and thrived in the hard land.

FROM the first, Indians harassed these brave few families in the Sabinal Canyon, but they fought back, hung on and spread out. John and Mary Jane moved down the canyon to Ranchero Creek and started a stock raising venture.

Davenport gained the reputation of a wily Indian fighter and had been chosen in 1858 to head a company of Minute Men, as the volunteers of Uvalde County called themselves. He was hated and feared by many of the Indians who raided the area. His red-haired scalp would be a real coup for any warrior brave enough to go after it.

In the afternoon Davenport was still astride the slow mule as he neared Ranchero Creek, only a couple of miles from home. When the Comanches burst from the thicket, he must have wished fervently for one of his good horses. As it was, he had no chance to outrun the Indians' swift ponies. Still he gave a good account of himself.

A Comanche captive later credited Davenport with killing one of their number and wounding two others. The Indian said Davenport fought "like a devil". But even a "fighting devil" had no chance on a subborn and sluggish mount.

Outnumbered and outrun, Davenport soon fell to the onslaught of arrows and lances. The Indians took the prized scalp even before he died, and stripped and mutilated his helpless body.

It was a good day for the Comanches. They had felled two long-time enemies

Courtesy El Progreso Club of Uvalde County
Mary Jane Davenport

that October day, but John Bowles' body was not found for several weeks.

A WAGON train of freighters came upon Davenport just after the Indians rode away and found him dying and unable to speak. The men pulled the arrows from his body. One man bore the tidings to Davenport's widow, taking with him one of the arrows. Another hurried to alert the Kennedy brothers, Ross and John.

The Kennedys went at once, John to the Davenport ranch and Ross to the scene of the attack. Mary Jane insisted upon going to where her husband lay.

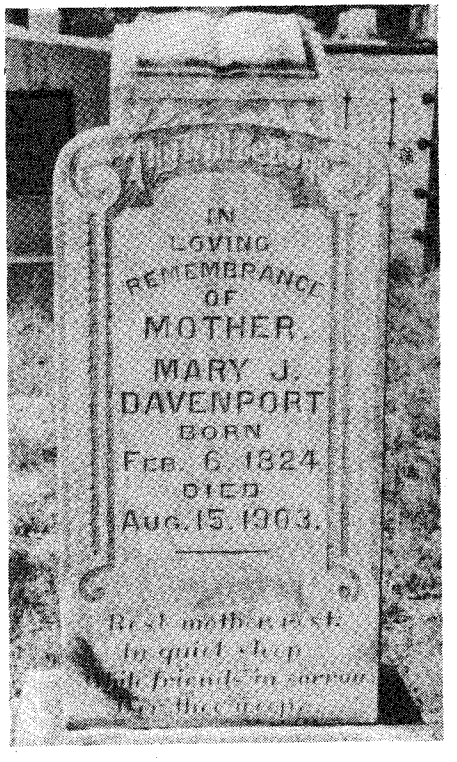
Just as they were leaving Ross rode up. He prevailed upon her not to go. He reminded her that the Indians in this short time could not be far away and promised to stay with the body until help arrived. Runners were sent to alert the scattered settlers.

Friends and neighbors gathered around Davenport's body and by dim lantern light held the first inquest of an Indian victim in Uvalde County.

Before dawn the body was taken home for burial and the Minute Men rode to retaliate. They were joined next day by men from Uvalde and Fort Inge, 25 miles to the southwest.

The chase covered many miles and a few members of the posse were wounded in the ensuing battle, but none died. However, several Indians were killed. One of those slain was described as a handsome, light-skinned young Indian with soft black hair. He wore many silver beaded ornaments and fastened around his waist was John Davenport's pistol belt to which hung the scalp of John Bowles.

So Bowles' scalp was recovered, but Davenport's was not. One of John's brothers vowed that day to take a Comanche scalp in return and he kept his promise in years to come.



Note wording in tombstone of John M. Davenport "Killed by Indians."

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Photo of Sabinal, Texas, taken shortly after the turn of the century.

MARY JANE DAVENPORT was no stranger to hard times. As a young girl she fled with her family before the advancing Mexican army of Santa Anna during the "Runaway Scrape" of 1836. Her family returned to the scene of devastation faced by many other Texans after their costly war with Mexico.

She faced the loss of her father to other Indian enemies. She even faced widowhood before, but this time there were five small children, the baby being only two months old. Her tall, red-haired cowboy was gone, but Mary Jane took life into her capable hands and went on.

In addition to the responsibilities of stock raising, Mary Jane maintained a general store on her home place east of Sabinal, located on the old military road linking the army forts of Southwest Texas.

In her book, *Pioneers of the Southwest,* Florence Fenley chronicles this account of her great aunt, Mary Jane Davenport:

"Not only were the Indians a worry to Aunt Mary, but very often 'renegades' came to her house and sometimes they were bad characters. Always they demanded something to eat and she always complied immediately, often having to cook an entire meal. Being men who were hiding out to keep from serving in the Civil War, they were suspicious and wary, keeping eyes on her most of the time."

"They examined things in the house, surveyed the walls and ceiling, and she afterwards told of how one of the men stood on the very plank of the floor under which she kept her money. She dared not glance at the plank as that would have caused them to notice the loose board. Her money was saved because she went calmly about her cooking, not letting them know her inward perturbation."

Mary Jane lived 44 years after the death of her husband. She was a successful business woman and gave much attention to her family. But she always found time to serve others, no matter how far these duties took her. Many a day and night found her in the saddle going to the aid of someone in need. need.

At the end of her life, Mary Jane made her home with a married daughter in Sabinal and she rests in a family plot in the City Cemetery near two large oak trees.

Two other tombstones in the pasture cemetery bear mute testimony to other hardships in the life of Mary Jane. They belong to her sons. Little Newel was only eight when he died of snakebite in 1860, just a year after the murder of his father. The other, James M., who was a baby of two months when his father was killed, lived to be only fourteen.

Jesse Howard, the present owner of the original Davenport place said he was told this boy also died violently, but he doesn't know whether the Davenport descendant who told him the story had the correct facts.

Polly Ann Elkins, daughter of Mary Jane's first marriage, became the wife of John Davenport's half-brother. One of their sons is buried in the small cemetery.

A GRANDSON of John M. Davenport told Howard that John's brother made good his threat to take an Indian scalp in payment for John's. He brought the scalp home and hung it outside for all to see.

Grandmother Susan Davenport, John's stepmother, hated the sight of the gruesome object. She fussed but it hung where it was. One morning the family arose to find Grandmother Davenport packing her belongings without a word to anybody.

"Where are you going, Grandmaw?" someone asked. "I don't know, and I don't care." came the determined reply. "But either that thing goes or I do."

The scalp came down and was given to visting relatives who may still have it, Howard says.

Grandmother's grave is in the little cemetery beside that of her husband, another John.

Howard helped later Davenports to fence the plot. Several of the tall stones had been knocked over or broken by browsing cattle, and Howard made most of the repairs to the tombstones himself.

Jesse Howard his lived on the ranch for 34 years and has found many relics of other, harder times. He says his has been a rewarding and fruitful life on the land that once was home to a typical pioneer family of Uvalde County, Texas.

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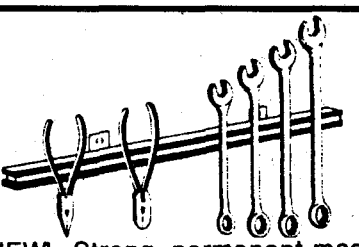

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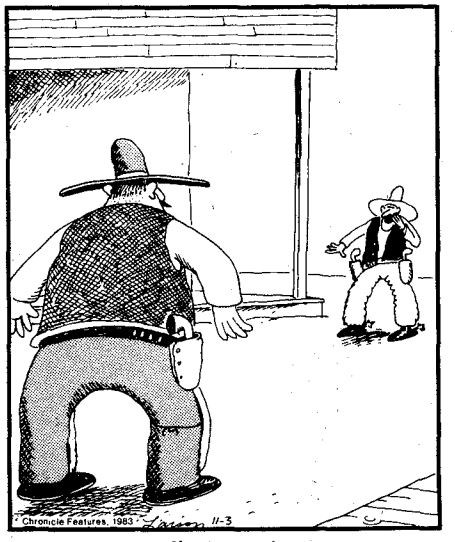

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Coming Next Month

Ronald Reagan may be President of the United States but there was a time when he was primarily known for his Old West movie roles. See rare old film photos.

Captain Charles Bennett helped discover gold in California and then took part in the pivotal battle to win the Pacific empire.

Picture a cantankerous cowboy cook who has removed his trousers and washed them in a creek while preparing supper. Then picture two playful cowboys who come upon this scene and the temptation posed by a naked cowboy cook.

Most stories on Old West gunfighters tell of their glory days, but Bill O'Neal reveals that some went down in a blaze of glory. See "Their Last Gunfight."

Baron of Alcatraz

ALSO IN NEXT ISSUE:

Inside TRUE WEST: The staff, the new offices in Perkins, Oklahoma, the whole inside story.

English Westerner groups.

The man who owned the island: The Baron of Alcatraz.

Indian foods.

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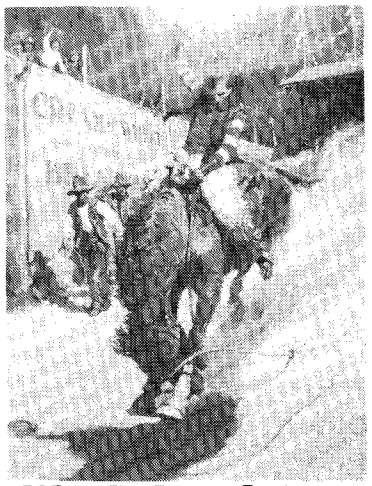
WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists

#319 — The Smoke Signal

#402 — The Buffalo Hunt



#505 — The Bronco Buster

#503 — Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

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203— Invocation to the Sun (Indians), 16 x 11½ ... **$2**
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210— The Cattle Drive (Cowboys), 16 x 11½ **$2**
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226— When Mules Wore Diamonds (Pack Train), 22 x 16 ..... **$7**
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232— The Gun Fighters (Cowboys), 20 x 14 ..... **$7**
233— Keeoma (Indian Maiden), 20 x 15 ..... **$7**
234— Stolen Horses (Indians), 20 x 14 ..... **$7**
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236— The Sun River War Party (Indians), 20 x 14 . **$7**
237— The Smoke Signal (Indians), 20 x 14 ..... **$7**
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293— Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt), 25½ x 18 ..... **$8**

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402— Indian Buffalo Hunt, 21½ x 16 ..... **$12**
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253— A Bad One (Cowboy on Bucking Horse at Roundup), 24 x 16 ..... **$14**
254— Cowboy Roping a Steer, 24 x 16 ..... **$14**
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256— The Roundup (Cowboys), 30 x 14 ..... **$15**
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258— Through the Alkali (Cowboys), 20 x 16 ..... **$15**
259— Riding Line (Cowboy), 26 x 22 ..... **$15**
270— Bruin Not Bunny (Cowboy — Horse Shying at Bear), 27 x 18 ..... **$15**

271— White Man's Buffalo (Indians "Observing" Steer), 27 x 17 ..... **$15**
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261— Carson's Men (Kit Carson, Men Crossing River), 31 x 20 ..... **$16**
262— Watching For Wagons (Indians), 30 x 20 .... **$16**
263— In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon), 30 x 20 ..... **$16**
264— Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street), 30 x 20 ..... **$16**
265— Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians), 30 x 20 ..... **$16**
266— Pipe of Peace (Indians), 30 x 20 ..... **$16**
267— Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene), 30 x 18 ..... **$16**
268— Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys), 26 x 17 ..... **$16**
269— The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup), 26 x 17 ..... **$16**
279— Discovery of Last Chance Gulch (Miners), 34 x 23 ..... **$16**
280— The Jerkline (Wagon Train), 32 x 20 ..... **$16**
281— The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train), 20 x 30 ..... **$16**
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273— Cow Camp During Roundup, 36 x 18 ..... **$18**
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275— When Horseflesh Comes High (Cowboys), 36 x 24 ..... **$18**
276— When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys), 36 x 24 ..... **$18**
277— The Wagon Boss (Wagon Train), 36 x 23 ... **$18**
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323— When the World Was Before Them (Cowboy, Pack Train on Prairie), 28 x 19 ..... **$18**
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283— Tight Dally & Loose Latigo (Cowboys), 40 x 25 ..... **$18**
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313— Episode of a Buffalo Hunt, 22 x 20 ..... **$16**
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604— C.M. Russell in Studio
605— C.M. Russell and wife Nancy shortly after marriage
606— C.M. Russell as young man on horse "Neenah"
607— C.M. Russell (trick photo) plays checkers with himself

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The Wild Side of Life In the Old West

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MULLIGAN" By H. Franklin Greene

Most every Border Guard on the Rio Grande is aware of unusual disturbances around the Border when an illegal crossing is about to be made. If the occurance is up river, 10 patrols quickly rush down river to scatter out and locate the contraband smugglers sending only one patrol up river to check out the phoney disturbance.

This cautionary measure catches the hustlers off guard more than anything else. However, the same measures should have been applied at the Rail Center in San Bernardino, California, on one cold rainy night the early part of the 20th Century.

Usually around all large railroad central yards from the late 1800s through the middle 1930s, there were invariably a "hobo jungle." This rail center had an extra large one. Each of the jungles are equipped with a large pot, tar kettle, oil drum or whatever that can be hung over a fire to boil a Hobo Mulligan's stew in.

In case you don't know what a Mulligan stew is; it consists of any type of meat that can be bought, stolen, found or borrowed, together with any type of vegetables acquired the same way and placed in a boiling pot of water and cooked for several hours or days to get the right taste—then all the Hobos dip their tins (cups-cans-buckets) into the steamy broth and have a feast.

On this particular night, an unemployed brakeman from the Santa Fe Railroad who was broke but not too proud to stop at the jungle for a hand-out was Charles B. Chrysler.

Upon his request for food he was quickly asked by the camp bully—a large red headed man called "Rhode Island Red"—if he saw a tar kettle there? It holds about a barrel of anything one can put into it but right then it contained hot water with nothin' else.

The rule is, Red said, "You can't take nothing out unless you put something in so if you want to eat—we got to get something to put in it."

Red explained there was a carload of live chickens on a side track by the depot in town. All in special designed crates. A whole express car full. A score of hoboes were ready to sneak down to the depot and grab as many crates as each could carry.

"If your conscious bothers you, he advised, "you needn't trail along but you did not eat either. So make up your mind."

Charles' assignment was to go with another Bo down the track a few blocks and set fire to an empty box-car. When the fire began to burn and smoking good, another Bo was assigned to run into the station depot and tell the agent a car was on fire down the tracks. When the agent left the station to put out the fire, the gang of hoboes ran up the tracks and grabbed as many crates of chickens as each could carry.

Meanwhile another detail of hoboes was raiding potato warehouses and gardens and returned with bags of cabbage, potatoes, onions, chili peppers, tomatoes and parsley. One even stole a crate of salt. All was ready for the pot and Red's instructions.

The chicken detail moved with precision—each grabbed a crate of squawking birds. They solemnly toted the crates down to the riverbank near the jungle where they quickly killed and cleaned them and tossed them into the boiling water along with the various vegetables that had been brought in.

At two in the morning the Mulligan was cooking and by sunrise it was prime. Within the hour every Bo was full and ready for sleep. The feast lasted three days and every tramp for miles around tried to wheedle a meal but unless they supplied something for dessert, they were refused.

Meanwhile, there was hell to pay at San Bernardino. The police were notified that thieves had stolen over a million dollars worth of pedigreed chickens that had taken years to develop. Those gamecocks were worth ten thousand dollars each, explained the breeder. The Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks were the results of years of scientific breeding; they had been exhibited all over California. In fact, at the time of the theft they had been awaiting shipment to the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, where they awaited the awards and gold metal cups to be presented.

The police established roadblocks and began to search every chicken breeder farm in the area— Of course it was to no avail.

Even as late as 1940 around campfires all along the West Coast and hobo jungles, you would likely hear men tell about the Million Dollar Mulligan as it was called and what a really great chicken soup it made. . . Many a wandering Bo has claimed to have been in on the greatest stew of all time and quiet possible he was!

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